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## JOHN RUSKIN.

Within a few days of the completion of his eighty-first year, death has crowned the labors of John Ruskin, and he has entered the company of the immortals. There is no Englishman of his intellectual and moral stature left alive; his peers have all gone before him, and now the last of the great spirits who have shaped for our Victorian age its ethical and æsthetical ideals has been gathered to his rest.

"As he willed, he worked:  
And, as he worked, he wanted not, be sure.  
Triumph his whole life through, submitting work  
To work's right judges, never to the wrong,  
To competency, not ineptitude."

His life was so complete, so filled with manifold serviceable activities, so rich in the garner of life's best fruits, that we cannot deplore his death, however sincere our mourning, but must rather be touched with a deep solemnity at the thought of what he did and what he was, mingled with a deep gratitude for the example of his consecrated days. His work for mankind was ended a full decade ago, and the peaceful hours that were given him after his pen had been laid aside removed him so entirely from any sort of contact with the active world that his continued bodily presence among men has been difficult to realize.

"The soul that's tutelary now  
Till time end, o'er the world to teach and bless"

has seemed to us hardly more than a disembodied spirit since the year when those "Præterita" which we were reading with such eager interest met with their final interruption, and became themselves things of that past with which they were concerned.

John Ruskin was born at Herne Hill, a London suburb, on the eighth of February, 1819. He died January 20, 1900, at his Lake Country home, Brantwood, in Coniston, where something like the last score of his years were spent. His intellectual activity covers a period of nearly sixty years, for his precocity was marked, and he wrote creditable verses at the age of ten or thereabouts. At fifteen we find him contributing to a periodical of popular science papers with such titles as "Enquiries on the Causes of the Color of the Water of the Rhine" and "Facts and Considerations on the Strata

of Mont Blanc." From this time until his physical breakdown at the age of seventy, there is no year that does not add its title or titles to the bibliography of his writings, the mere list of which, without comment, would nearly, if not quite, fill up all the space here at our command. And what memories these titles evoke in the minds of men and women to whom the message of Ruskin has come as a veritable new gospel of beauty and the conduct of life! They think of "Modern Painters," "The Stones of Venice," "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," and recall the quickened vision, the new appreciation, the deepened insight, which the reading of these books has brought them when viewing the cities and the galleries of Europe. They think of "Sesame and Lilies" and "The Queen of the Air," and recall the stimulus and the fresh inspiration that these books have brought to the study of literature. They think of "The Crown of Wild Olive" and "The Ethics of the Dust," and recall their realization of the unity of truth and goodness and beauty, their first sense of the fashion in which the cultivated intelligence apprehends the most diverse of phenomena as related to the same central set of ideals, in thought welding beauty to utility, and art to the practical conduct of life. They think of "Munera Pulveris" and "Unto This Last," and recall the heightened sense of social solidarity which they derived from these books, the view of human intercourse as a complex of mutual obligations, the doctrine of duties applied as a corrective to the doctrine of rights. Finally, they think of "Fors Clavigera" and "Præterita," and recall the unselfish character and single-hearted devotion to the service of humanity which these books so unconsciously portray, while love and reverence for the writer become blended into one emotion of thankfulness for all of his gifts to mankind, the most precious of them all being the gift of himself.

Mr. Ruskin's career has two well-defined periods. During the first, he was essentially a teacher of art; during the second, he was essentially a teacher of ethics. The year 1860 marks the grand climacteric of his life, for it saw the completion of "Modern Painters" and the inauguration, with "Unto this Last," of the long series of the writings which are concerned with men in their social relations. When the turning-point was reached, he was about forty years of age, he had become the foremost writer of his time upon the subject of the fine arts, he had forced an unwilling public to recognize the

genius of the great landscape painter of England, he had become the interpreter of Giotto, and Tintoretto, and many other great artists hitherto imperfectly appreciated or not at all, he had espoused the cause of the Pre-Raphaelites, given effective aid to their propaganda, and had befriended them individually when help was most grateful, he had made himself one of the greatest masters of English prose, thereby increasing tenfold his influence as a critic of art, he had, finally, been called upon to bear his portion of the private grief which is the common lot of men, and the brief chapter of his domestic happiness had come to an end. His work done in the field of art criticism has called forth an enormous amount of discussion, in the form of both approval and dissent. At first, his opinions excited violent antagonism; then, for a period, the force of his eloquence seemed to carry everything before it; then, again, a marked reaction set in, and a deliberate effort was made to belittle his achievements and minimise his influence. We do not think that the two parties to this controversy have ever joined issue fairly and squarely. We may allow the justice of much that has been said by his hostile critics — by Mr. Stillman, for example, and Dr. Waldstein — yet admit almost to the full what has been claimed for him by the most earnest of his champions. Both parties are right, in some sense. For the attack, we may say that his specific judgments were often wrong, that his bestowal of praise was exaggerated beyond all reason, that his advice to painters was frequently impracticable, and that his influence upon contemporary artists was slight. But for the defence we must also say something. We must say, for example, that he made the general English public think more seriously about art than it had ever done before. We must say that his writings opened eyes by the thousands that had hitherto been blind, and, if those eyes did not see just what he would have had them see, they were at least opened to some kind of truth that would not have been revealed to them at all except for his influence. We must say, also, that he gave to the pursuit and study of art a dignity that it had never known before, by virtue of his constant insistence upon the relation of art to morality, his unalterable determination to judge of artistic work from other standpoints than the narrow one of technique, and the prophetic fervor with which he proclaimed the gospel, not of art for art's sake, but of art for the sake of man's temporal delight and eternal salvation.

The change that came over the complexion of Mr. Ruskin's thought in his early forties was very marked. He had outgrown the narrowness of his early beliefs, his sympathies had broadened, he had learned that life was more than art, he had resolved to do what he might to bring practical counsel and effective help to his fellow-men. At first, and for ten years or thereabouts, he confined himself for the most part to his writings, which now acquire for themselves a range that they had not known before; then, with the fortune which had come to him upon the death of his father, and which he felt that he was to hold in trust only, he set about doing things, he began the publication of the "*Fors Clavigera*," and instituted the Guild of St. George. In the first letter of "*Fors*," he thus stated his programme in general terms:

"I am not an unselfish person, nor an Evangelical one; I have no particular pleasure in doing good; neither do I dislike doing it so much as to expect to be rewarded for it in another world. But I simply cannot paint, nor read, nor look at minerals, nor do anything else that I like, and the very light of the morning sky, when there is any — which is seldom, now-a-days, near London — has become hateful to me, because of the misery that I know of, and see signs of, where I know it not, which no imagination can interpret too bitterly. Therefore, as I have said, I will endure it no longer quietly; but henceforward, with any few or many who will help, do my poor best to abate this misery."

That so radical a programme as Mr. Ruskin marked out for his declining years was foredoomed to failure, as far as practical outcome was concerned, must have appeared manifest to any temperate observer. He sought to reconstruct English society, to counteract the combined forces of democratic impulse and economic law, to restore to the nineteenth century the ideals of the thirteenth. A few only of the items in this programme may be specified. Railways were to be done away with, and labor-saving machinery abandoned. The taking of interest was to be held sinful, and the *régime* of status was to replace the *régime* of contract. Individual impulse was to be suppressed by the weight of a restored social hierarchy. The whole system of popular education was to be made over upon essentially mediæval lines. These things, and many more like unto them, were urged with all the ingenuity of argument and eloquence of appeal at the author's command, and, as far as might be, he put these things into practical effect in his own life, and in the lives of those over whom he had any sort of control.

No summary in the bare outline form just

attempted is really fair to Mr. Ruskin. The stupendous wrongheadedness of such a programme, so stated, merely repels, and we would not repel a single possible reader from even the most practically impossible of the books wherein the parts of this programme are set forth. The attitude of the sane intelligence toward these teachings is expressed by Mr. Frederic Harrison when he says: "In one sense, no doubt, I stand at an opposite pole of ideas, and in literal and direct words, I could hardly adopt any one of the leading doctrines of his creed. As to mine, he probably rejects everything I hold sacred and true with violent indignation and scorn." Yet in spite of this divergence of positive belief, Mr. Harrison has made the author the subject of one of the most glowing panegyrics ever penned, and he expresses what we believe will remain the deliberate judgment of mankind when he goes on to speak in the following strain:

"Some day, perhaps, a future generation will be able to take up these outpourings of the spirit, not to criticise and condemn what they find there to dispute or to laugh at, but in the way in which sensible men read Plato's '*Republic*,' or the book of Ezekiel, or Dante's '*Vita Nuova*,' to enjoy the melody of the language, the inspiring poetry, and their apocalyptic visions, without being disturbed in the least by all that is mystical, fantastical, impossible in the ideal of humanity they present."

In a word, the balance of Mr. Ruskin's teachings, whatever specific vagaries they may embody, will rest upon the side of progress, of ethical inspiration, of worthy human activity, of all that is desirable for the uplifting of the race. In this belief, we would earnestly recommend the most extreme of his books, even "*Unto this Last*," and the many volumes of the "*Fors Clavigera*," not indeed as the best food for untrained minds, but as a helpful influence to the cultivated intelligence, as a needed corrective for all that is unspiritual and materialistic in the thought of the age. Their essential teaching is at one with that of the great leaders of man's ethical and religious thought, and their perversity of utterance no more than an accident powerless to work lasting injury. The gift of communion with such a spirit is one of the most precious that literature can offer, and a deep sense of gratitude, of reverent affection, is what remains to us unshaken, after all possible exceptions have been taken, after all needful allowances have been made, when we think of the great work and the noble life that have ended in the closing year of the century to which they have lent so imperishable a lustre.



## COMMUNICATIONS.

## ON FRENCH AND ENGLISH POETRY.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

The controversy which has been raging regarding the relative merits of French and English poetry, and which has lately been touched upon editorially in THE DIAL, is replete with much interest to one whose love embraces more than the poetry of his native tongue. It is needless to say that most of the unfriendly criticisms offered in such comparison are not sufficiently cosmopolitan in spirit, and give little more than an individual standpoint. We here touch upon what has not been sufficiently emphasized, and what seems to me to be the essential test of the worth of any comparative study in French and English verse. How far does racial antagonism or race-difference, which is the soul of idiom or language-difference, act as a barrier even to the best-trained minds in a just appreciation of the inmost spirit of any foreign tongue? And how far is it only individual taste, such as might lead one in one's own language to prefer one poet to another? What factors are to be reckoned with more carefully than these?

Long before Tennyson's or Arnold's expressed indifference to the Alexandrine verse, voices were loud in England against French poetry. Keats, not without bitterness, condemned the entire classical literature, some of France's greatest names. They were

"closely wed  
To musty laws lined out with wretched rule  
And compass vile; . . . they went about,  
Holding a poor decrepit standard out  
Marked with most flimsy mottoes, and in large  
The name of one Boileau!"

Before Keats, Dryden (otherwise a great admirer and follower of the French classics) severely criticized, in his preface to "All for Love," Racine's character-drawing, especially the feebleness of his heroes.

England's criticism, however, never took the shape of a polemic. That was reserved for Germany. I need hardly refer to Lessing's hostile attitude, or the iconoclastic spirit taken up by August Wilhelm Schlegel, who decided that it was about time that the entire classical dramatists, including Molière, were shelved. Schiller was indifferent, and Goethe warmly enthusiastic only for Molière, though he prized the tragedy of Racine and Voltaire. When Jacob Grimm wrote to Michelet that he could find no "poetic satisfaction" in either Corneille, Racine, or Boileau, Sainte-Beuve sighed: "Encore une fois — il y a un malentendu, et du côté de l'Allemagne je crains que ce ne soit presque sans remède, nous avons beau faire et beau dire, là-bas nous ne sommes pas pris au sérieux poétiquement; le génie des races s'y oppose." And we ask, shall we ever clear these barriers of racial misunderstanding? Will the mastering of the technicalities of a foreign language bring us nearer to an unbiased judgment of its spirit? The most hopeful reply is not assuring. Karl Hillebrand, who spoke French as fluently as his native tongue, and who loved the genius of France, asks whether it is likely that she will ever produce the equal of Shakespeare, Goethe, or Dante.

If we proceed to consider the relative values of separate words, adverse criticism, it seems to me, becomes absurd. A French lady once asked me the English for "belle fille," and on my replying "beautiful girl," she was horrified, and distorting the pronunciation, exclaimed, "mais que c'est laid!" Can there be any

common standpoint from which to judge the relative values of any single words in two different languages? The concepts being the same, the word or medium will satisfy the race which has used it from time immemorial. One may speak of words as apparently different in quality, but will not the French "for a" that "prefer their disparaged" "fille," "amour," "ciel," to the "girl," "love," "sky," of the "harsher" language across the channel? If the Englishman finds "fille," "amour," "ciel," flat or paltry, is it too much to say that his judgment is warped not only by an obtuseness for the "finesses" of a foreign living language, but also by unjustly associating with the French tongue the empty shell of that which was *not* her parent-speech, — i. e., the classical Latin, long dead? If one of the English writers in this controversy speaks sneeringly of the Latin character of French, it is clear that his Virgil and his Cicero, or the dead "filia," "amor," "caelum," were barriers that kept him from appreciating the living "fille," "amour," and "ciel."

The difficulty remains if we proceed from words to phrases. We hear Mounet Sully in Hamlet (I should say Sarah Bernhardt to be up to date): "Etre ou n'être pas, c'est là la question" (trans. by Dumas). What Anglo-Saxon lover of Shakespeare can help smiling? — though he will not, if he be in Paris, offend his polished host, by laughing in his face. Who would recognize the original of many (or any) passage in that wholly inadequate translation? Many of the most poetical passages, — as, for example, the sublime "absent thee from felicity awhile," — are altogether omitted. Because, adds the exultant English critic, the French language is incapable of such poetic expression!

Let us examine the other side of the question. Voltaire is horrified at the "not a mouse stirring" of the soldier on the watch, and after translating the "undignified" phrase to make its grotesqueness apparent, with "je n'ai pas entendu une souris trotter," he adds: "Voilà qui est naturel, — dans un corps de garde, mais non pas dans une tragédie." Jules Lemaitre, in comparing a recent French translation of Macbeth with the original, triumphantly holds it up as superior to the English version. Can this be the judgment of one of the forty immortals of the Academy? Is there, then, any common ground of criticism? No: *le génie des races s'y oppose*.

A factor of an importance almost equal to racial antagonism is that of individual temperament and taste. We might distinguish two classes of critics: first, the poet endowed with creative power, to whom we grant strong antagonistic feelings against all that does not harmonize with the dictates of his genius. But (secondly) those who are merely critics (*être critique ou, mon Dieu, peu de chose*), who only adjudge the crowns according to the light they have, must judge in all matters of comparison, as between French and English poetry, from a basis of mutual toleration. Where inherited or racially opposed conceptions of poetry dominate, the critic's vision cannot be clear.

To illustrate the point I wish to make, and partly also for the mere delight of setting them down here, I place side by side three poems of similar beauty in conception, of equal poetic delicacy, simplicity, and charm.

Victor Hugo:

"Soyez comme l'oiseau posé pour un instant  
Sur des rameaux trop frêles;  
Qui sent trembler la branche, mais qui chante pourtant,  
Sachant qu'il a des ailes."



Goethe:

"Ich singe wie der Vogel singt,  
Der in den Zweigen wohnet,  
Das Lied das aus der Kehle dringt,  
Ist Lohn der reichlich lohneth."

And Browning:

"Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—  
That's the wise thrush: he sings each song twice over  
Lest you should think he never could recapture  
The first fine careless rapture!"

As I read each of these separately, I prefer it to the others, and in the end can make no choice. Comparison seems inadequate, for the pleasure each gives is perfect. No individual verdict on their relative merits could be final; while, if the racial feeling were to decide, French, Germans, and English would each prefer their own. Let us, then, not take any judgment passed on foreign verse too seriously. In the realm of poetry there is room for much that the critic would often deprive us of, and which flourishes there none the less in undying beauty.

The plea I make is one for mutual toleration. The critics on both sides of the channel have been most unfair. They take color from the spirit they comprehend, which is only their own national spirit. The federation of the world is no more a dream than *absolute* justice in any judgment on a foreign literature. Apart from the great human truths, the general truths, the abiding truths, which are the same for all peoples, a nation's individual traits must be seen with that nation's eyes. It is easier to blame superficially, and in the spirit of prejudice, than to praise judiciously, generously. Let us at least be willing to recognize all that is beautiful and abiding in the world of thought and art, and make it our own as far as lies in our power: for there alone we shall find that spirit of sweetness and repose, which, as Sainte-Beuve has exquisitely said, "*nous réconcilie, nous en avons souvent besoin, avec les hommes et avec nous-mêmes.*"

RUDOLPH SCHWILL.

Lewisburg, Pa., Jan. 20, 1900.

## UNIVERSITY "SPELLING REFORM."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

At a time when the memory of the Prince of cacographical chauvinists is becoming less and less fragrant among the better informed of his countrymen, the University of Chicago takes occasion to cast its spade of mud into the waters he has so disturbed. Equally without authority, discretion, or taste in the premises, this institution of learning lends its name to an exhibition of illiteracy at which Webster himself would have revolted. Little except this illiteracy of spelling now remains to us of Webster's various antics. Under the benign influences of his alma mater, we have seen disappear, successively, his etymologies, his orthoëpies, and his definitions. Only the cacography remains, a pitiful memorial of a time when American hatred of British oppression could find expression in doing a harm to English speech. The unreasonable prejudices between the English-speaking nations are disappearing in the light of a better understanding; more books are printed in America every year in the only orthography current among all branches of the English race; why, then, should this dying "provincialism of nationality" find support at an institution supposedly devoted to the humaner letters? Or, rather, why should such an institution commit itself to the extension of a national bad habit which, like tobacco-chewing, the rest of us are steadily and surely overcoming?

WALLACE RICE.

Chicago, Jan. 13, 1900.

## MR. GODKIN AND "THE EVENING POST."

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

A monthly magazine in New York, which has periodical attacks of uncontrollable brilliancy in its editorial department, has made Mr. Godkin and "The Evening Post" the subject of a number of statements which require a protest. After saying, truly enough, that the editor and the paper were thoroughly identified in policy and spirit, he tells us that in his editorial capacity Mr. Godkin "not only felt that he himself could do no wrong, but that men of other views could do no right." Again, he thinks it strange that a man so highly cultivated "should never have been able to recognize anything that was good in those who were opposed to him, and that he could see nothing in their policy and motives except folly, or malice, or baseness, or incompetence." Now, I have been a daily reader of "The Evening Post" for some years, just because it is not characterized by the qualities here ascribed to it under Mr. Godkin's editorship. From the copies lying on my shelves I will undertake to fill an entire number of the magazine from which I have quoted with editorials from "The Evening Post" in hearty commendation of specific acts of men to the general policy of whom it is well known that Mr. Godkin has been strenuously in opposition. And, on the other hand, although Mr. Godkin was in general an earnest supporter of President Cleveland, he showed himself at the same time a severe critic when occasion offered.

We are told again that he "would never frankly and fairly and conspicuously admit an error." Now I have a pretty wide acquaintance with our more prominent daily papers, and I can name no other among them that allows its errors to be corrected in its columns with anything approaching the freedom of "The Evening Post." No man can read it, even hastily, for a month, without meeting instances of this; and that, too, though its freedom from sensationalism gives it a much greater freedom from errors of fact than is the case with the average daily. It is also true that no other prominent daily is so ready to allow its editorial opinions to be questioned in its own columns. Its special correspondents have full liberty to express opinions contrary to its own (witness notably its Manila letters), and it does not back up its opinions by the exclusion or garbling of news matter apparently in conflict with those opinions.

Indirectly, Mr. Godkin is also charged with "pessimism." How inevitable that charge is against any American who gets it into his head that the outlook for good government is at least bright enough to make it worth fighting for! And Mr. Godkin was also "extremely irritating." Yes, there is no gainsaying that his editorials were very irritating—to any reader to whom the particular exhibition of incompetence, stupidity, or corruption which he was just then flaying was *not* irritating. If the editor from whom we have quoted has carefully read the "Post" during the weeks since his editorial was written, he has probably concluded by this time that he was over-hasty in assuming that its sting for such readers has been extracted by the withdrawal of Mr. Godkin. And that that sting may never be extracted as long as there is any hope of irritating readers into a consciousness that there are evils in society and government which can be and ought to be eradicated, should be the hope and prayer of us all.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, Ohio, Jan. 23, 1900.

### The New Books.

#### PLAYHOUSE RECOLLECTIONS.\*

The reader interested in theatrical matters may remember some unpleasant things said of the stage a few years ago by Mr. George Moore, and the tea-pot tempest that thereupon raged in the press. Mr. Moore was of opinion that if acting is to be considered an art at all (which he doubted), it is certainly the very lowest of the arts and the one making the slenderest demands on the intelligence of those practising it. For what, Mr. Moore asked, in effect, is the actor but the playwright's parrot—"a vulgar parrot that speaks by rote and screams before the footlights"? and what, scientifically regarded, is his alleged art but the developed form of a simian turn for mimicry derived from caudate arboreal ancestors? But that which particularly angered Mr. Moore, and, indeed, provoked his attack, was the fact that the modern successors of the humble "poor players" of the frankly disreputable strollers of Marlowe's and Jonson's time not only regard themselves and are regarded as, technically, ladies and gentlemen, but are actually come to be, in too many cases, the recognized social lions and drawing-room idols of the day. This social vagary Mr. Moore styled "Mummer-Worship"; and we are sorry to say that the impetus of his onset against it carried him into some waspish innuendoes as to the morals of the fairer divinities of the cult, that did him no credit.

We have mentioned Mr. Moore and his *Histrio-mastix* as furnishing a convenient contrast to the veteran dramatic writer, Mr. Clement Scott, and his two thick volumes of rapturous stage memories, now before us. From his youth up, Mr. Scott has been a "mummer-worshipper" of the most ardent type, and his present production fairly entitles him, we think, to be called the Gronow of the Victorian stage. But the title of the book is certainly misleading, since it leads us to expect, what we assuredly do not get, a continuous history of the modern drama. At times, it is true, Mr. Scott seems in a fair way of starting out conscientiously to fulfil the implied promise of his title; but he scarcely ever gets beyond a paragraph or so of dramatic history proper when a good story of "Johnny" Toole, or Sothern, or Charles Matthews, or some other notable maker or sub-

ject of good stories, pops into his head, and away he starts, with the bit in his teeth, and never pulls up until the end of the chapter is reached and it is too late to go on with the text formally propounded at the outset. Mr. Scott's stories are entertaining, and he clearly relishes them so much himself that it is hard to grudge him the pleasure of telling them. But it must in candor be said that the reader who goes to him for light and leading on the drama proper, and not for the *ana* and gossip of the playhouse, will generally be disappointed. The fact is, as one of Mr. Scott's critics has already pointed out, it is not so much the drama, broadly considered, as the playhouse, that attracts and interests him. He has little patience with the sort of people (with whom, we confess, we are much in sympathy) who profess to find a higher and completer satisfaction in reading a dramatic masterpiece than in seeing it acted. Mr. Scott would probably think it pedantic and affected to say that the best actor who ever trod the boards must inevitably dwarf in his rendering the poet's conception, say, of King Lear; and, indeed, he frankly admits:

"I do not believe it is possible to be thoroughly impressed with Shakespeare until you have seen his plays acted. Long before I had witnessed the majority of those masterpieces on the stage, I had studied Shakespeare, I had read and re-read Shakespeare, I had attended Shakespearean readings, Shakespearean discourses, and Shakespearean lectures; but I never thoroughly understood 'the bard,' as he is called, until I saw him acted in those always-to-be-remembered days with Phelps at Sadler's Wells."

Mr. Scott, with a degree of accuracy, describes his book as an attempt to blend the outlines of the history of the stage with personal reminiscences. Into the narrative he has woven a partial account of his career as a dramatic critic—in which capacity we are, as we gather, to regard him as in some sort the founder of a new school of writing. Before Mr. Scott, the dramatic critic was, as it seems, a sober and deliberate person, who took himself and his function pretty seriously, and was given to postponing his written opinions upon a new play or a new actor for several days. With Mr. Scott came the new era. "I was," he says, "the first journalist who attempted to make the account of a new play not so much a solemn and serious criticism as a picturesque report." "Solemn and serious criticism" is not, we are convinced, Mr. Scott's forte; and it was well he realized the fact at the outset.

We think it fair to characterize Mr. Scott's entertaining but incoherent and, we suspect,

\* THE DRAMA OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By Clement Scott. In two volumes, illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

hasty production as a sort of *catalogue raisonné* of the more prominent players of the period covered, enlivened with reminiscences of the playhouses, and anecdotes, appreciations, and biographical sketches of the players, and rather liberally padded with extracts from the critics—the author's own journalistic "picturesque reports" being by no means neglected. Among Mr. Scott's reminiscences is an amusing one of the elder Dumas, upon whom he once called at Paris, armed with a letter of introduction from Fechter.

"Alexandre Dumas lived with his daughter, a very devout Catholic, in a fashionable quarter of Paris. The daughter was evidently away, and when I left my card and Fechter's letter I was ushered into a solemn room, which looked like an oratory, being full of crucifixes, relics, and sacred pictures. After waiting for some time in astonishment, for the religious atmosphere did not seem to coincide with my idea of the rollicking historian, novelist, and prolific dramatist, the servant returned to say that M. Dumas would see me. From the oratory I was ushered into a kind of kitchen. The scene had changed entirely. Behold the hero of hundreds of dramatic successes, in his shirt sleeves, his negro skin beaded with perspiration, his hair like an iron-gray scrubbing brush reversed, sitting before the fire, with a pretty girl on each knee, pretending to cook an omelette or preside over a *vol-au-vent*! Dumas, as everyone knows, was an amateur cook, and he loved nothing better than to design, arrange, and carry out a dinner of his own invention. The girls pinched him, kissed him, chaffed him, and called him 'Papa.' He returned the compliment. He asked me about Fechter and his success, which interested him. He gave me some tickets for the theatre, and I left the cheery old man, still in his shirt sleeves before the stove, kissing the pretty girls on either knee."

While Mr. Scott's Thespian ambition has been satisfied with the rôle of dramatic critic, he is, it seems, not altogether a stranger to the boards.

"At the Bijou Theatre, Bayswater, I have enacted Christopher Larkings in 'Woodecock's Little Game,' and the boy Archie in 'The Scrap of Paper.' I think I rather fancied myself in a black velvet coat and knickerbockers, lent me by my old friend, Edmund Routledge, and a pair of scarlet stockings suggested by myself. This alarming costume secured me the honor of a scented note left at the stage door. My companions in crime still living are James M. Molloy, the gifted balladist and composer, and W. S. Gilbert, who rejoiced in the farce called 'Number One Round the Corner'; but I fancy this brilliant poet and dramatist was as bad an actor as I was. He could not have been a worse one."

The volumes are handsomely gotten up, and contain many interesting portraits of players and playwrights, managers and critics. While of no great value as a contribution to the history of the drama, they are lively and amusing, and should find favor with the members of the profession to which Mr. Scott has devoted the enthusiastic attention of a lifetime. E. G. J.

#### THE REMINISCENCES OF MRS. HOWE.\*

It is a rich treasury of facts, anecdotes, and observations, relating to eminent persons and events of the last eighty years of our century, which Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has presented us in the volume modestly entitled "Reminiscences." It is a gift to the future historian which he will not lightly value; while for the reader who seeks entertainment chiefly, its pages abound with matter of interest, amusement, and serious instruction.

Mrs. Howe has enjoyed through life a commanding opportunity for gaining insight into the character of the personages and the principles which have given distinction to the wonderful years included in the closing century. Most of the famous men and women of the time were known to her, and in many of the great movements that evolved in grand progression, one following rapidly upon another, she was a living part. It is a memorable retrospect, leaving with the mind, as the most lasting impression, a sense of the dignity, the sincerity, the high-mindedness of the writer. Her judgments are marked by breadth and graciousness, and her own career from first to last was noble and generous.

Mrs. Howe was born in 1819, in the city of New York, in a home of wealth and culture. Her father, a banker of high standing, was not only prominent in business affairs but in social circles, and his children were surrounded by every influence tending to nurture intelligence and develop the moral qualities. He was a Puritan of the Puritans, maintaining strict discipline in his household and a vigilant guardianship of the welfare of his daughters. No expense was spared in their education. They had the best masters in music, the languages, drawing, dancing, all the accomplishments befitting refined womanhood. But the social arena in which their gifts might find free display was narrowly restricted. There was, naturally, some restiveness and discontent under such firm restraint, but the wisdom of it was justified in the light of mature experience.

There was, however, no lack of genial life in the Ward mansion. At quiet dinners and in cheerful evenings in her own home and among her intimate friends, Miss Ward enjoyed unusual opportunities for social cultivation. By the marriage of her brother Samuel with the

\* REMINISCENCES. 1819-1899. By Julia Ward Howe. With Portraits and other Illustrations. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



eldest granddaughter of John Jacob Astor, the friendly relations between the families deepened into intimacy. We are accustomed to think of the founder of the Astor house in America as a rude fur-trader whose life was spent in traffic with border Indians; but Mrs. Howe represents him as a man of distinct literary tastes, who loved to draw men of letters about him. At his hospitable board she frequently met Washington Irving, who, as she relates, "was silent in general company, and usually fell asleep at the dinner-table. . . . After a nap of some minutes he would open his eyes and take part in the conversation, apparently unconscious of having fallen asleep."

The summer of 1841 was spent by Miss Ward with girl friends in the neighborhood of Boston. In company with Charles Sumner and the poet Longfellow, they paid a visit one day to Perkins Institute, where Laura Bridgman, the marvellous deaf, dumb, and blind girl, was receiving her education. Dr. Howe was absent at the arrival of his guests, but before their leave "Mr. Sumner, looking out of a window, said, 'Oh, here comes Howe on his black horse.' I looked out also," writes Mrs. Howe, "and beheld a noble rider on a noble horse." It was the prelude to her life romance. The doctor was her senior by nearly twenty years, but he had not long to sue for the gift of her hand. They were married in the spring of 1843, and their wedding journey was prolonged a year amid the enticing scenes of Europe.

In London, as in New York, Mrs. Howe was in contact with the distinguished men and women who lent their fame to the English capital, for she was now the wife of one whom the world recognized as a hero and a philanthropist. With quick appreciation, Carlyle hastened to pay his respects with an invitation for a return visit from the estimable strangers. Mrs. Carlyle was too ill to receive them, and in her absence, writes Mrs. Howe,—

"I was requested to pour tea. Our host partook of it copiously, in all the strength of the teapot. As I filled and refilled his cup, I thought that his chronic dyspepsia was not to be wondered at. The repast was a simple one. It consisted of a plate of toast and two small dishes of stewed fruit, which he offered to us with the words, 'Perhaps ye can eat some of this. I never eat these things myself.'"

Her visit to Wordsworth was a signal disappointment. The poet's widowed daughter had met with a heavy loss through some unfortunate American investment, and the calamity had completely upset the family equilibrium. It was the sole topic touched upon during the interview.

"The tea to which we had been bidden was simply a cup of tea, served without a table. We bore the harassing conversation as long as we could. The only remark of Wordsworth's which I brought away was this: 'The misfortune of Ireland is that it was only a partially conquered country.'"

On her return to Boston, Mrs. Howe found the transcendental movement exciting general observation. It was opposed to the traditions in which she was bred, but gradually its aims so won upon her she was able to accept it as "the new interpretation of life which the truth imperatively demanded." She who was reared in strict orthodoxy passed over to the church of Theodore Parker, much to the displeasure of her society friends. "What is Julia Howe trying to find at Parker's meeting?" asked one of these in her presence. "Atheism," replied the lady addressed. "Not atheism," said Mrs. Howe in quick defense, "but theism." Elsewhere she remarks:

"I can truly say that no rite of public worship, not even the splendid Easter service in St. Peter's at Rome, ever impressed me as deeply as did Theodore Parker's prayers. . . . I cannot remember that the interest of his services varied for me. It was all one intense delight. . . . His voice was like the archangel's trump, summoning the wicked to repentance and bidding the just take heart. It was hard to go out from his presence, all aglow with enthusiasm which he felt and inspired, and hear him spoken of as a teacher of irreligion, a pest to the community."

It was a struggle for Mrs. Howe to overcome her native prejudice against the reformers who were stirring society in Boston and New England to moods of frenzy by their bold advocacy of the rights of the black man or the white woman to freedom and equality in the eye of the law. "She does n't like me, but I like her poetry," remarked Wendell Phillips, as he bought a copy of her first volume of poems. His amiable appreciation of her gifts as an author softened her feeling and she was ready to engage with him in conversation and to listen to his oratory. He had afterwards no firmer friend than she, and she speaks of his ardent and tireless services in behalf of humanity in words of the warmest eulogy. Of Charles Sumner she has much to say, although it is plain her esteem for him was founded more upon his moral worth than upon special graces of intellect or charms of personal manner. In noting the differences between Phillips and Sumner, she observes:

"The two men, although workers in a common cause, were very dissimilar in their natural endowments. Phillips had a temperament of fire, while that of Sumner was cold and sluggish. Phillips had a great gift of simplicity, and always made a bee line for the cen-



tral point of interest in the theme which he undertook to present. Sumner was recondite in language and elaborate in style. He was not much of a student, and abounded in quotations. In his sensational days, I once heard a satirical lady mention him as 'the moral flummery member from Massachusetts, quoting Tibullus!'"

Mr. Sumner had but little sense of humor, and quite lacked the faculty for quick response which puts one at ease in lively conversation. As he could not comprehend the wit which enlivens and sometimes idealizes the discourse in general society, so he failed signally to grapple with the intricacies of exact science. "I have heard him say," states Mrs. Howe, "that mathematics remained a sealed book to him; and that his professor at Harvard once exclaimed, 'Sumner, I can't whittle a mathematical idea small enough to get it into your brain.'"

The value which Mr. Sumner placed upon his personal dignity is indicated by the following anecdote:

"I once invited Mr. Sumner to meet a distinguished guest at my house. He replied, 'I do not know that I wish to meet your friend. I have outlived the interest in individuals.' In my diary of the day I recorded the somewhat ungracious utterance, with this comment: 'God Almighty, by the latest accounts, has not got so far.'"

Mrs. Howe's record during the Civil War begins with a visit from "old John Brown," who made upon her and her husband the impression of a powerful personality. Of the "noble war governor, John A. Andrew," she relates that when he learned of John Brown's hapless state in a Southern prison, without counsel or money, he "telegraphed to eminent lawyers in Washington to engage them for the defense of the prisoner, and made himself responsible for the legal expenses of the case, amounting to thirteen hundred dollars."

In the autumn of 1861, Mrs. Howe was in Washington, inspecting camps and hospitals in company with the Rev. James Freeman Clarke, Governor Andrew, and Dr. Howe. At the close of an interview with the President, Mr. Clarke said of him:

"We have seen it in his face: hopeless honesty; that is all. . . . None of us knew then how deeply God's wisdom had touched and inspired that devout and patient soul. At the moment, few people praised or trusted him. 'Why did he not do this, or that, or the other? He a President, indeed! Look at this war, dragging on so slowly! Look at our many defeats and rare victories!' Such was the talk that one constantly heard regarding him. The most charitable held that he meant well. Governor Andrew was one of the few whose faith in him never wavered."

It was during this eventful visit that Mrs. Howe made her first attempt at public speaking,

in an unstudied talk to a company of soldiers from Massachusetts, and also wrote, in a moment of inspiration, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Her party had been singing the popular war songs of the day, concluding with "John Brown's body," when Mr. Clarke turned to her with the question, "Mrs. Howe, why do you not write some good words for that stirring tune?" It had been in her mind to do so, but as yet the motive had not come to her.

"I went to bed that night as usual, and slept, according to my wont, quite soundly. I awoke in the gray of the morning twilight; and as I lay waiting for the dawn, the long lines of the desired poem began to twine themselves in my mind. Having thought out all the stanzas, I said to myself, 'I must get up and write these verses down, lest I fall asleep again and forget them.' So, with a sudden effort, I sprang out of bed, and found in the dimness an old stump of a pen which I remembered to have used the day before. I scrawled the verses almost without looking at the paper. I had learned to do this when, on previous occasions, attacks of versification had visited me in the night, and I feared to have recourse to a light lest I should wake the baby, who slept near me. I was always obliged to decipher my scrawl before another night should intervene, as it was only legible while the matter was fresh in my mind. At this time, having completed my writing, I returned to bed and fell asleep, saying to myself, I like this better than most things that I have written."

The poem was published in the "Atlantic Monthly," without awakening special interest. But it reached the soldiers' camps, and they sang it in rousing chorus on the march and by their evening fires. It penetrated the walls of Libby Prison, and finally was rehearsed with startling effect by a released captive who told, in a public lecture in Washington, of the cheer it brought to the hearts of his comrades immured in that frightful death-pen in Virginia, and the success of the poem was assured. It was thenceforth the leading lyric of the war. "Mrs. Howe ought to die now," said one of her friends, "for she has done the best that she will ever." Mrs. Howe was of no such opinion herself, feeling still "full of good days' works," which she has to the present time been diligently performing. She was ever serious in her tastes and bent upon intellectual pursuits. "Mrs. Howe is not a great reader, but she always studies," was the remark of her husband, which well characterized the thorough nature of her mental attainments. As a member of the Radical Club, that "high congress of souls" which for years met monthly at the house of the Rev. John T. Sargent, as an associate of that noble band who strove long and painfully, but with final triumph, for the right of woman "to learn the alphabet" and share with man-

kind the privileges of self-ownership and opportunity, she records many impressive experiences.

One comes to a pause reluctantly in dealing with a book touching upon so many of the stirring events that have enriched the modern age. Interspersed through the narrative are many valuable illustrations, chiefly portraits of eminent contemporaries of the author. From the frontispiece her own face looks out at us, like a Sibyl or a Fate. It is the aged and august countenance of one who has for eighty years watched with steadfast and solemn gaze the unfolding of human history, eager to read its portent and aid in its full and grand development.

SARA A. HUBBARD.

#### THE VERNACULAR LITERATURE OF SCOTLAND.\*

At last we have a history of Scottish Vernacular Literature, and from so competent an authority as Mr. T. F. Henderson, associate editor of the Centenary Burns. Probably no subject in the whole range of literature has suffered more in the hands of the judicious than this. It is the fashion of the English literary historian to treat the Scottish literature as a mere adjunct of the English; and being unable, for the most part, to appreciate or to understand the picturesque and racy vernacular, made up of an immense variety of subtle linguistic forces—Cymric, Pictish, Gaelic, Norse, French,—he is prone to judge the Scots writer by one of his styles only. Professor Courthope, preferring the labored allegory of Gavin Douglas, finds few "notes of human interest" in Dunbar. So Mr. Edmund Gosse, with a natural affinity perhaps for "terms aureate," describes Dunbar's talent as "gorgeous," but denies that the poet ever gets away from the artificial in language.

Just why no Scotchman has written a history of the vernacular until now, is not clear. Dr. Ross's "Early Scottish History and Literature" is an essay in the field, but Dr. Ross brought his work down to the Reformation only, and, as his title shows, his point of view was not purely literary. Moreover, Dr. Ross's method was not scholarly, and his book was further unfortunate in being published after his death, without adequate editing. Professor Hugh Walker's "Three Centuries of Scottish Literature" is an admirable discussion of the

later period. Meanwhile, a vast mass of material, collected by individual editors, such as Scott, Irving, and Laing, by the learned Clubs—the Bannatyne, the Maitland, the Roxburghe, and the Hunterian—and by the Early English and Scottish Text Societies, has been accumulating. What was needed was a clear and intelligent treatment of the whole subject within reasonable limits. This is what Mr. Henderson has attempted, and on the whole successfully, although the thoroughness of his scholarship on certain points is open to doubt, and his style leaves something to be desired.

The survey of the vernacular covers more than five centuries, from the "mokyshye ryme" on Edward Longshanks to Allan Cunningham. It was no light task to condense so large a subject into one volume, but Mr. Henderson has been equal to it. His judgment is discriminating, his taste is correct, if not mellowed, and his sense of proportion is good. No important author has been overlooked, and one notes few omissions among writers not of the first consideration. "The Totall Discourse of the Rare Adventures" (of William Lithgow), 1632, might have been included as a curious and interesting contribution to vernacular prose, and it is a genuine disappointment to miss "Aye Waukin', O!"—which has been described as a perfect song, so fortunate also as to be the subject of a perfect criticism, that of Dr. John Brown in "*Horæ Subsecivæ*."

Poetry bulks large in the Scottish vernacular, and the picture of it here shown, representing Dunbar receiving the torch from Chaucer and handing it on to Burns, is illuminating. The Scots "makaris" wrote, not a different language from Chaucer, but the same language, which, like him, they called "Inglisch." The difference is only that the genius of Chaucer made the Midland dialect, the London speech, English; the "makaris" preserved the Northern English, which did not become a dialect, in the modern sense, until after the union of the crowns in James VI. Like Chaucer, also, the "makaris" went to the French poets, and sometimes to the Italian, for models of versification. Of a lineage so ancient and so honorable, by the time of Burns (as Mr. Henderson happily says) the poetic tradition of Scotland was the noblest ever inherited by any peasantry, far higher than could have derived from even an ideal peasantry. Of what other great poet than Burns can it be said that much of the emotions and sentiments he expresses lay outside his own personal experience? Excepting

\* SCOTTISH VERNACULAR LITERATURE. A Succinct History. By T. F. Henderson. London: David Nutt. (Imported by the New Amsterdam Book Co., New York.)

the chapter on the ballads, which in the main follows Mr. Courthope, and possibly therefore suggests an ignoring of recent research, Mr. Henderson's treatment of Scottish poetry is excellent. His study of the relations between the French and Scottish poets, especially between Villon and Dunbar, is so good that one wants more of it. We see Dunbar getting the idea of his stately "Lament for the Makaris" from Villon's ballads on the "dames" and "seigneurs" of olden time, and writing it in a favorite French form with him, the *kyrielle*. Other Villon metres are the octave with refrain, Villon's *double ballade*, and the *rondeau*. Dunbar makes large use of the French octave, named by King James VI. the *ballat royal*, and more than a third of his verse is written in the stave of the French *rondeau*, with or without refrain. For two well-known French metres in English, the seven-line stanza of Chaucer's "Troilus and Criseyde," called by Gascoigne *rime royal*, and the *rime couée*, or tail rhyme, so largely used by Burns, Dunbar shows no great fondness. It is a pity that the chapter on Dunbar is not more compact; as it is, it shows Mr. Henderson's exceptional knowledge of Scottish prosody at its best, and his logical, or rather illogical, arrangement of material at its worst. Dunbar surely stands in no need of an advocate, and fewer quotations would have sufficed to show his quality, his humor, always gay, sometimes saturnine, and now and then deliciously quaint and fantastic, as when in "Kynd Kittok," the alewife of Falkland Fells eludes St. Peter and gets into heaven privily, "God," we are told, "lukit and saw her lattin in, and lewch his hert sair"; the reality of his touch, his worldliness, and his stoicism, all expressed with a brilliancy of imagination that time and circumstance have not dimmed, and a mastery of language that easily ranks him the greatest of the Chaucerians.

But on the whole the quotations are made with so much reserve and judgment and taste as to whet the appetite. The "Bill of Fare" which Fergusson would have laid before Dr. Johnson when banqueted by the St. Andrews professors is fresh. His "Daft Days" is more familiar:

"Now mirk December's dowie face  
Glowrs owre the rigs wi' sour grimace,  
While thro' his minimum of space,  
The bleer-ey'd sun,  
Wi' blinkin' light and stealing pace,  
His race doth run."

There, to use the words of R. L. Stevenson, is "the model of great things to come"—in Burns. Those who know (and who does not

know?) Mrs. Craik's beautiful song, "Too Late," will find the refrain of it in a curious old allegorical poem, by Sir Richard Holland, called "The Buke of the Howlat":

"O Dowglas, O Dowglas,  
Tender and trewe!"

It is there given as a badge of the Douglasses embroidered on the coat-armor of the pursuivant. Exquisitely simple and sweet is the "Depart" of Alexander Scott, the farewell of the dying Master of Erskine, slain at Pinkie Cleugh, 1547, to the Queen Dowager, the beautiful Marie de Guise:

"Adew my awin sweet thing,  
My joy and confortin,  
My mirth and sollesing  
Of erdly gloir;  
Ffair weill, my lady bricht,  
And my remembrance rycht,  
Ffair weill, and haif gud nycht:  
I say no moir!"

Brief quotations in prose are harder to make, but there is a good one from the diarist, James Melville, describing the young King James VI., in 1574, when eight years old, "walking up and down in the auld Lady Marr's hand, discoursing of knowledge and ignorance." A single sentence from that belated humanist, George Buchanan, is an amusing hit, both at his old pupil, Queen Mary, and at the pride of the Hamiltons:

"Thay wer in hoip yat scho sould mary Johnne Hamiltonn ye Dukis sone quhome wt [with] mery lukis and gentill contenance (as scho could weill do) scho enterit in ye gayme of ye glaiks [coquetry], and causit ye rest of ye Hamiltonis to fon for faynnes [to play the fool for eagerness]."

Scottish vernacular literature without Sir Walter Scott is the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. In his index, Mr. Henderson tells us that he mentions Sir Walter five times, and he honors him with one sentence by himself (p. 455). This sentence is well worth quoting, for two reasons: because it is all there is about Scott, and because it exhibits Mr. Henderson's style, as they say in homely phrase, with its foot around its neck.

"Hogg as a poet was very much a rustic Sir Walter Scott, who was, besides, the founder of a vernacular school of his own, that of the vernacular novel—a subject too vast for our present consideration,—but who very seldom in his poetry drops into the vernacular, and makes very chary use of it even in his lyrics, the only almost pure examples being the spirited *Jock o' Hazeldean*—founded on an old ballad,—the witty character sketch of *Donald Caird*, and his new version of *Carle, now the King's Come*; but *March, march, Eltrick and Teviotdale*—derived from the old *General Leslie's March*—contains at least one vernacular exclamation; and the vernacular slightly tinges his re-reading of D'Urfe's *Bonnie Dundee*."

A precisely similar sentence sums up—or



lumps up — "The Tea Table Miscellany" of Allan Ramsay (p. 410). Of minor matters of style, such verbal forms as "strenuity," "rejoicements," "artificiosity," instead of the usual words, may be good North British, but the contractions "was n't," "is n't," and "can't" are undignified in any serious writing. Anent North Britain, the transatlantic reader has his "Marmion" to explain North Berwick Law, produced by the "Gyre-Carling," the mother-witch of Scotland, to discomfit her lover, — but what was the "whikey" tree which grew in Robert Henryson's orchard?

Instead of furnishing a glossary of Scottish words, Mr. Henderson writes the glosses in the margin. This is well enough for general purposes, but for the use of students there should be something to indicate the connection between word and definition; and the proof-reading should have been done by someone with a correct eye for lines and leads. Some of the glosses are hopelessly askew. Titles throughout are not glossed, for some inexplicable reason. We note one or two slight errors. On p. 391, Robert Sempill, author of "Habbie Simson," was active in promoting the Restoration, not the Revolution. On p. 394, a tangled sentence executes George Baillie of Jerviswood, husband of Lady Grizel Baillie, instead of his father, Robert Baillie.

Mr. Henderson is at his worst in his index, which does not seem to have been prepared upon any system. It is fairly inclusive as to names, but titles get into it by favor and grace only. To instance a few eccentricities of indexing: we look in vain for "The Lament of the Makaris," a poem which is probably mentioned oftener than any other, because it is a storehouse of information on the early Scottish poets. Nor do we find the best-known Scotch song, "Auld Lang Syne," although "The Gaberlunzie Man," barely referred to, is indexed. "The Wowing of Jok and Jynny" is indexed twice: incorrectly as "Jok and Jynny" (p. 289-290), where there is some account of it, but correctly at p. 133, which points to a cross-reference. So the unwary reader who wants to turn to "Tullochgorum," "the best Scots song Scotland ever saw," in Burns's extravagant praise, must know beforehand that it was written by one John Skinner.

But the faults of this book are few, and easily remedied; its merits are many and great, and Mr. Henderson is to be congratulated on having produced a good book on a difficult subject.

MARY AUGUSTA SCOTT.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

Mr. Marion Crawford has again made one of his occasional excursions into the historical past, and told us, in his "Via Crucis," a story of the Second Crusade. His central figure is that of Queen Eleanor, the queen of the monkish Louis VII., linked afterwards to English history as the wife of Henry Plantagenet, and to romantic tradition as the jealous persecutor of the fair Rosamond. Students of English history are apt to learn little of her career as the consort of the French crusading monarch, or of that most picturesque episode which concerns her Amazonian masquerade, in company with a train of court ladies, across Europe to the East. It supplies a singularly effective subject for a romance, and Mr. Crawford has made good use of it. The hero is a fictitious character, a young Englishman who is made landless during the tur-

\* *VIA CRUCIS. A Romance of the Second Crusade.* By Francis Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*MY LADY AND ALLAN DARKE.* By Charles Donnel Gibson. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEA. A Romance of the War of 1812.* By Cyrus Townsend Brady. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*IN OLD NEW YORK. A Romance.* By Wilson Barrett and Elwyn Barron. Boston: L. C. Page & Co.

*THE FAVOR OF PRINCES.* By Mark Lee Luther. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*THE GRAND MADEMOISELLE.* By James Eugene Farmer, M.A. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*THE ORANGE GIRL.* By Sir Walter Besant. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*THE COLOSSUS. A Story of To-day.* By Morley Roberts. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*THE PRINCESS XENIA. A Romance.* By H. B. Marriott Watson. New York: Harper & Brothers.

*OUR LADY OF DARKNESS.* By Bernard Capes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*SIREN CITY.* By Benjamin Swift. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*THE PERILS OF JOSEPHINE.* By Lord Ernest Hamilton. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

*IONE MARCH.* By S. R. Crockett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*HERONFORD.* By S. R. Keightley. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

*RIISING FORTUNES. The Story of a Man's Beginnings.* By John Oxenham. New York: G. W. Dillingham Co.

*LOVE MADE MANIFEST.* By Guy Boothby. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

*THE SHIP OF STARS.* By A. T. Quiller-Couch. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*THE WATCHERS.* A Novel. By A. E. W. Mason. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

*RUPERT, BY THE GRACE OF GOD —.* By Dora Greenwell McChesney. New York: The Macmillan Co.

*A WARD OF THE KING. A Romance.* By Katharine S. Macquoid. New York: F. M. Buckles & Co.

*MR. JACK HAMLIN'S MEDIATION, and Other Stories.* By Bret Harte. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*THE OTHER FELLOW.* By F. Hopkinson Smith. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*THE POWERS AT PLAY.* By Bliss Perry. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

*THE SURFACE OF THINGS.* By Charles Waldstein. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

bulence of the strife between Stephen and the daughter of Henry I., and who seeks to carve out for himself a new fortune by joining the crusaders. The story is chiefly concerned with the fruitless efforts of the enamoured queen to withdraw him from allegiance to his early love, but his faith proves too steadfast to yield to this temptation. Other historical figures are those of Arnold of Brescia and St. Bernard. The romance is excellently told, although it is not without *longueurs* and produces something of the stucco-effect which seems inevitable when such a theme is handled by any but the greatest of novelists.

"The Tempest" has clearly been the inspiration of "My Lady and Allan Darke." The scene is an island off the coast of Virginia, the time something over a century ago. Prospero is a gentleman who, having been accused of a crime of which he is guiltless, has taken refuge upon the island, and eventually becomes monarch of all he surveys, including the plantation and slaves of the former owner, whose daughter he marries. Here his own daughter (our Miranda) grows up in maidenly seclusion, not knowing the full tale of the past, and hither Allen Darke (our Ferdinand) is brought by the accident of shipwreck. Now Allan, unwitting of all this history, is really the one whom Prospero most fears, because he is by birth the natural avenger of the crime with which Prospero is wrongfully charged. Declaring his name, his protestations of ignorance avail him no whit; his life is spared, but he is kept a close prisoner on the island. Over and over again he escapes a treacherous death at the hands of a too zealous servant of Prospero, and in the end, when the latter dies, and all the mystery is cleared away, wins the love of My Lady, and the story ends happily. It is a really fascinating bit of romance, original (except for its admitted prototype) in design, and carried breathlessly on through many thrilling episodes to the conclusion that no experienced reader needs to be told is coming.

For a professional man of peace, Archdeacon Brady has a very pretty taste in scimmages. He prefers them by water, and the mere thought of a sea-fight is enough to heat his blood to the boiling point. In his new story, "For the Freedom of the Sea," he has a theme after his own heart, and he writes of the glories of Old Ironsides with an enthusiasm that is wholly unaffected. The War of 1812 supplies the subject-matter of this romance, and the fight between the "Constitution" and the "Guerrière" is but one of a series of episodes that keep the interest wide awake. The author is as yet an amateur novelist, to be sure; he elaborates too much, and his style is far from impeccable, but there is an honest manliness about his work that compels both respect and admiration.

"In Old New York," the romance which we owe to the collaboration of Mr. Wilson Barrett and Mr. Elwyn Barron, is a story of the year 1745, the time of the siege of Louisburg and of the Young Pre-

tender. These happenings, however, only appear in the story as echoes from distant lands, although the fortunes of one of the characters are directly affected by the news of the Jacobite rising in Scotland. The story is really concerned with the social and commercial life of Manhattan Island at a time when the city was mewing its mighty youth, and the possibilities of its future were becoming revealed to the far-seeing eyes of its shrewd Dutch and English inhabitants. It is a well-constructed novel of private interests, with a charming heroine, and a pair of heroes who, if not charming, are at least interesting, and in quite different ways. Although Mr. Barrett's name stands first upon the title-page, we find more of Mr. Barron in the book itself—more, that is, which seems attributable to the author of "Manders" than to the author of "The Sign of the Cross."

"The Favor of Princes" is a variant upon a very hackneyed theme. An impoverished young nobleman comes to Paris to seek his fortune at court. The time is that of Louis XV. and the ascendancy of the Pompadour. He marries a wealthy woman of *bourgeoise* extraction, actually falls in love with her, and finding a rival in no less a man than the King, defies that august personage, and wins his point by virtue of sheer audacity. The story is without originality, and is told in too commonplace a manner to excite more than a languid interest.

In writing "The Grand Mademoiselle," Mr. James Eugene Farmer has gone far beyond his first historical romance, "The Grenadier." He has learned, for example, to mix historical fact with his narrative much more skilfully, and to impart to his work much more of vivacity and animation. His subject is, of course, the Fronde, and the character of Mademoiselle de Montpensier seems to have inspired him with great enthusiasm. He tells of her audacious entry into Orleans, and of her brilliant although ineffectual defence of Paris against the forces of Mazarin and the young King. The author displays a fertile invention in the devices with which he embroiders the pages of history, as well as a certain talent in the portraiture of the numerous historical characters who figure in his tale.

From seventeenth century Paris, as described in the foregoing romance, to eighteenth century London, as depicted in Sir Walter Besant's "The Orange Girl," is a transit to be measured otherwise than in leagues of land and sea. The latter, too, is a historical novel, in a sense, but it is social rather than political history that concerns us. Newgate, the debtor's prison, and the details of a criminal trial, are Sir Walter's themes, and he writes of them from that intimate knowledge of Old London with which few may hope to compete. There is more matter in this book than the author has been wont to give us of late, more antiquarian detail and more dramatic incident. And it is by a true artistic instinct that he takes us at the end, in company with his chief characters, across the ocean to the Virginia colony, and provides a peaceful epilogue

to his story of crime and degradation. The memory of his heroine, who rose from the slums to become a famous actress, and whose self-sacrificing devotion saved the hero from the toils of villainy, will long remain in the mind of the reader.

One does not get far in "The Colossus" of Mr. Morley Roberts before supplying the words "of Rhodes" parenthetically. The novel has three features: a man, an enterprise, and an intrigue. The man has been indicated, the enterprise is the Cape to Cairo railway, the intrigue is supplied by political conditions in Cairo, in which town the whole scene is laid. The designing young woman who has set her cap at the hero, and who insinuates herself into the intrigue for the purpose of helping him with the enterprise, excites little admiration and less sympathy. Nor is the figure of the Colossus half as impressive as the author evidently believes it to be. He affects a pretentious style, and succeeds only in producing an impression of futility.

The "Monte Cristo" type of story has an inexhaustible interest. There are so many things that can be done by a man in possession of an enormous fortune, and so wide a field for the ingenuity of the novelist dealing with such a case, that the plot of such a story never becomes hackneyed. In "The Princess Xenia," the fortune falls to an Englishman living in impecunious obscurity in a small German duchy, presumably in the pre-imperial days. He seeks to make himself the arbiter of destiny, both for this and the two adjoining petty states, and would combine them under one rule as a barrier against the Prussian policy of encroachment. In this design he almost succeeds, but the achievement is wrested from him at the very moment of triumph by the act of a passionate woman — the inevitable and incalculable woman, with whom both fiction and actual life have to reckon in some unexpected fashion. There are intrigues manifold, and perilous adventures without number, from which entanglement the hero barely escapes in the end, carrying with him the dispossessed princess, who seems to count the world well lost for the love of such a man. It is all delightfully and improbably entertaining.

Mr. Bernard Capes is becoming so completely the victim of his mannerisms that he is well-nigh unreadable. He is so inoculated with the Meredithian microbe that his style has become hopelessly strained and obscure, while such a matter as coherency of plot seems altogether unworthy of his attention. "Our Lady of Darkness" is the book which occasions the present strictures. It is a romance of the French Revolution, with English and Belgian episodes, and is carried through a bewildering series of happenings to a most futile conclusion.

The "Siren City" of "Benjamin Swift" is more interesting as a story than any of its three predecessors by the same hand, although it is not without that infusion of bitterness which so marks the work of this singularly powerful writer. The heroine is a woman whose purity and strength are brought into effective contrast with the sordid influences that

surround her innocent life, and turn her romance into the darkest of tragedies. Superficially, this novel is the story of an English girl who becomes the prey of an Italian fortune-hunting adventurer. Psychologically, it is a study of the interrelations of a group of intensely passionate natures in which virtue is beset by villainy, but remains invincible. The Neapolitan setting of the best part of the work lends it an added external glamour, and its study of Italian character is no less subtle and penetrating than its dealings with English persons and scenes. The style is admirably direct and tense, at moments rising to the heights of a grave and restrained beauty. Altogether, the writer appears more than ever one to be reckoned with, and already displays evidences of a more softened humanity than has heretofore been discernible in his cynical envisagement of modern society.

Those who remember Lord Ernest Hamilton's "Outlaws of the Marches," with its striking depiction of the fifteenth century feuds of the Scotch border, will hardly be prepared for the surprise that awaits them in "The Perils of Josephine." No two novels could well be more dissimilar. The one was a stirring romance of the days of rough manhood and hard fighting; the other is a sensational melodrama of modern society, enacted in and about an English country house. We are led up by easy degrees to the extremely improbable plot against Josephine, but her perils, when they become really manifest, are quite as thrilling as the most exacting reader could wish. The author is a clever artificer, besides being a versatile one, and this his latest effort is a noteworthy example of its own peculiar sort of composition.

"Ione March," Mr. S. R. Crockett's latest venture, is a most unhappy one. It is supposed to be a study in American girlhood, and what the writer does not know of the subject would fill many volumes. Such caricatures as those of the heroine and her girl friends are not often met with in fiction of serious intent, and such unrealities as the incidents which are strung together about the heroine belong strictly to the literature of burlesque. The story is one long and disjointed extravaganza, without a suggestion of real characterization, and without ordinary verisimilitude in its several episodes. We advise Mr. Crockett to go back to his moss-hags, and never again venture so far away from them.

In shifting his activities from the field of historical to that of domestic romance, Mr. S. R. Keightley has not been well-advised. "The Crimson Sign" and "The Cavaliers" were among the best recent examples of the former species of production, but "Heronford" is not thus distinguished among its many competitors. It is, however, a sufficiently stirring tale of an old English family, and leads up to certain culminating episodes that are sufficiently improbable to meet the most exacting of romantic demands. And it must be added that in matters of minor craftsmanship, Mr. Keightley's hand has even gained something of deftness.



Since "God's Prisoner" came into our hands some months ago, the name of Mr. John Oxenham has been one that could not go disregarded upon the title-page of a book. His "Rising Fortunes," which has just been published, is not equal in interest to its predecessors, but it is an enjoyable story. It is essentially a story of the "literary shop" as it exists in London, with its attendant commercialism, and log-rolling, and mean rivalries. The heroes — for there are two of coördinate rank — are young Scotchmen who, attracted by what Dr. Johnson called the noblest of all prospects, start for the metropolis with little other provision than their undaunted ambitions. How they gradually secure a foothold, and eventually achieve success — the one in art and the other in literature — is the substance of the narrative which the author unfolds. The book has a grasp upon reality, which is much, and its ideas are wholesome, which is more.

We cannot say that there is much of either reality or wholesomeness in Mr. Guy Boothby's "Love Made Manifest." Here again is a young man of letters, but the struggle is lacking, for he writes a play in a single night, has it accepted in a single interview, and becomes almost immediately the most popular author of the day. So much for the question of reality. We have but to continue our summary to dispose of the question of wholesomeness. Our meteoric author is rashly and unhappily married, and, in the full flush of his success, meets a woman — a childhood friend — who is in like case. The conventional conscientious pose is maintained for a time, but in the end they run away together, and make a home on a lonely island in the Pacific. Presently they both experience religion of the hysterical sort, and, in expiation of their sins, repair to a leper colony, and there end their lives. This is sad rubbish, although candor compels the admission that the book is somewhat better written than the Dr. Nikola stories.

Mr. Quiller-Couch has a genius for titles. All of his books bear names that fascinate, and the latest of them is the happiest of them all in this respect. "The Ship of Stars" might mean so many things, and has about it such an atmosphere of mystery and poetical suggestiveness. The book itself seems to us the masterpiece among all that the author has produced hitherto. It is a tale of the Cornwall coast, of which the landscape, the customs, and the quaint folk are now so familiar to us through the ministrations of this gifted story-teller. The elements of which it is compounded are various, recalling Mr. Hopkinson Smith in the lighthouse episode, "Jude the Obscure" (although with no touch of the bitterness) in the brief sojourn of the hero at Oxford, and "Sentimental Tommy" in the delineation of a boyish imagination, and the slow moulding of a character strong enough to react upon environment and conquer it. There is something so absolutely clean and wholesome about this story of duty done for its own sake, so high and fine in the idealism with which it is informed, that we may once

more take heart for our fiction-literature, in spite of the meretricious and brutal forces that sometimes seem so hopelessly in the ascendency. What a refreshing contrast is here offered to such books as "The Christian" and "Stalky & Co.," to name two conspicuous illustrations of the degrading tendencies to which we have reference. It is the whole difference between art and fustian. "Lord, make men as towers" is the prayer which here serves as a text, and in the spirit of that fine aspiration the book is written for the bettering of men's lives and the bringing back into literature of a large sanity and a worthy purpose.

To the coast of Cornwall — or rather beyond it to the Scillies — we are also taken by "The Watchers," a story by Mr. A. E. W. Mason, which follows close upon the two that we reviewed only a few weeks ago. The story is, however, a disappointment, being little above the level of the "shilling shocker," and depending for its mystery upon that cheapest of all sensational devices — hypnotic influence. This and a buried pirate treasure are the mainsprings of what must be described as an irritating and grossly improbable invention. It is a story of the eighteenth century, but the special coloring of the period is plastered upon the surface rather than worked into the texture of the narrative.

The Cromwell period of English history appears to be an inexhaustible source of material for writers of historical fiction. Industrious as it has been worked, it still offers one of the most interesting opportunities for romantic exploitation. Women, as a rule, are not very successful in work of this sort, but an exception must be made of Miss McChesney, whose "Rupert, by the Grace of God —" is a highly satisfactory narrative. The hero is, of course, the daring royalist leader, and the story is chiefly concerned with a conspiracy to persuade him into treason by the promise of the English crown. The scene is mostly in the west of England, and the interest culminates with the siege and capitulation of Bristol. A love story is worked in, as a matter of course, and all ends happily for the hero and the heroine.

Mrs. Macquoid is a practiced novelist, but she is unwise in attempting historical romance. Her latest book, "A Ward of the King," is prettily enough written, but the plot is feebly developed, and its excitement proves to be of a very mild type. It is a French story of the Constable de Bourbon and the struggle which led to the disaster of Pavia. Public interests are, however, rather kept in the background, and the story is really about the tribulations of a young gentlewoman, beset by unscrupulous enemies, and saved in due course of time from their evil machinations.

Among recent volumes of short stories, the new collection by Mr. Bret Harte occupies the first place. These tales have, however, little of the pristine freshness of their earlier predecessors, and it is becoming more and more evident that the author's rich pay-streak is worked out. Even the familiar figure of Jack Hamlin is less engaging and impu-

dent than usual, and the other types introduced reveal only a weakening of the writer's grasp as his Californian past recedes farther and farther from his view. His improbabilities are too glaring to be accepted, now that they come to us unaccompanied by the old magnificent verve and picturesqueness of effect. The stories are eight in number.

In Mr. Hopkinson Smith's small volume there are no less than eleven stories, but several of these are mere sketches of a few pages each. The interest is here in the author's own personality, for he does not strain after inventions, but rather chooses to portray his own experiences, with just enough imaginative coloring to save them from being tedious. They have an undoubted charm, in spite of their excess of sentiment, for they reflect a generous view of life, as observed by a man who is both artist and humorist. Several of them are based upon incidents picked up by Mr. Smith in his character as a lecturer, for of recent years he has added that occupation to his many others.

Mr. Bliss Perry has reversed the order usual with writers of fiction in that he has turned to the telling of short stories after having won a considerable success in the full-fledged novel. At least, "The Powers at Play" is the first collection of stories by his hand that has come to our notice, and we sincerely trust it may not prove the last. He has a quick eye for the possibilities of an incident or a situation, and he serves it up with neatness and despatch. There are eight stories in the present volume, some very slight, others more elaborate, and all interesting. Their invention is excellent, and they are enlivened by whimsical humor or else touched with subtle pathos. Whichever of these two formulae is applied to the work in hand, it is deftly employed and effective. The first story, "His Word of Honor," seems to us on the whole the best of the eight, but a close second may be found in either "The White Blackbird" or "The Incident of the British Ambassador."

Turning now to Dr. Charles Waldstein's "The Surface of Things," we find ourselves confronted by writing of a different sort from that contained in the preceding volumes of short stories. Admirably entertaining as those volumes are, they are distinctly light literature, and lightness is the last quality to be predicated of Dr. Waldstein's work. Indeed, the elaborate and possibly a trifle too "important" prefatory matter which accompanies these three studies in "the ethics of the surface" prepares the reader for a severer strain upon the philosophical intelligence than is really intended, and it is with something of a surprise to find, in one of the studies at least, the adumbration of a love-story. Dr. Waldstein's thesis — for his work is written to illustrate a thesis — may be briefly stated, for the most part in his own words. The interests of the modern civilized man have come to embrace so many things that the motives of the older fiction become every year more and more inadequate to express the complexity of the social organism.

"The relation of man to woman, love in all its phases and with all its consequences, the lust of power and gain, the struggle for empire or the struggle for existence, money, a successful career" — these must give way in part to "the more abstract and intellectual interests of life" if the art of fiction is to remain the typical literary art of the coming century. "The novelists with whose theories I am at issue, it appears to me, always understand by life what I should call the life of prehistoric man." "Not only those who are the fullest and highest representatives of our culture and civilization, but even the simplest and humblest members of our modern occidental communities, have a variety of needs and desires, without which life would to them not be worth living, which are so far removed from the fundamental necessities of prehistoric people that they would appear barely to graze the surface of existence." *Voilà le grand mot lancé.* That is the sense in which Dr. Waldstein would have us take his title. "These needs appear to be on the surface, but in reality they form the very core of our conscious existence. Considerably more than half of our waking thoughts and aspirations are directed toward the satisfaction of them; they have become fundamental to us, and we therefore need not appeal to the basal passions of life for their justification." In reading this plea, we think at once of the delicate work of Mr. Henry James, and the present writer reminds us of Mr. James at more than one point, but we must add that he strikes the note of a deeper intellectual sincerity, that his utterance seems to us much weightier. It is true that studies of this sort leave indistinct the border-line that separates the story from the essay, but this difficulty of classification need not concern us in view of the keen pleasure which they afford. Dr. Waldstein has opened what is almost a new vein in literature, and we trust that the present small volume is but the earnest of what he shall yet accomplish in the exploitation.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

Contemporary  
European  
History.

The translation of Seignobos's "Political History of Modern Europe," by Professor S. M. Macvane (Holt), is a meritorious undertaking. The result, we believe, would be more satisfactory were the work that of a translator alone. This, however, is not the case, for the book, as given in English, presents many of the translator's views and criticisms. This would be the more bearable were these changes made in addition to rather than in place of original material; or were they stamped and subscribed to as "editor's notes." The difficulty is that for the English reader there is nothing to indicate responsibility for statements and deductions. The most sweeping changes are made in the treatment of

present century English history, in which the author and the translator disagree. Aside from the general question of translators' alterations, is not the conception of a distinguished French historian of greater importance to the student than the mere statement of more generally accepted opinion? As to the book itself, it deserves most generous praise for simplicity of statement, clearness of insight, and for a just balancing of the various elements that go to make up the history of a nation in any given period. Part I. is devoted to a domestic history of Europe since 1814, by nations; Part II. treats of "certain political phenomena common to various European communities," as, for example, the growth and distribution of ideas of state socialism; Part III. is given up to an examination, for all Europe, of such details of military and diplomatic history as have not already been touched upon in previous pages. A most interesting chapter at the present time is that entitled "The Parliamentary Republic"—the concluding one in the domestic history of France—because of the author's insight into secret political conditions, and because of his supreme faith in the permanence of the Republic. Especially noteworthy is his defense of the custom of interpellations. The present government, says Seignobos, is anomalous in that France is *governed* by men chosen on the democratic principle of election, while it is *administered* by a beaureaucratic official class, imperial in its organization, and in part independent of public opinion. The politicians labor to please the people upon whose votes their political existence depends; the officials "tend to see in the citizens subjects of administration who must be kept in due submission to authority and regulations." While the politicians, as cabinet members, are at the head of official administration, they are quickly imbued with the spirit and attitude of the permanent office-holding class, and it then becomes the duty of Deputies, by interpellations, to hold them in check. Thus interpellations "are practical contrivances which enable two contradictory sets of institutions to exist side by side: a democratic political system and a permanent administrative hierarchy. It compels the permanent officials to submit to the people's chosen representatives." It is a new argument, but it will hardly suffice to overthrow the weight of evidence against interpellations.

Mr. Archer's  
notes on  
America.

Mr. William Archer is a man whose good opinion even a great nation of eighty millions of unprecedentedly well-fed, well-housed, and well-clothed people, like our own, may think worth having. We have pretty well gotten over our old provincial sensitiveness to foreign opinion. We do not in general care a rap what the ordinary touring cockney or *badaud* may think or say of us. We did not fume and fret and neglect our business when even Matthew Arnold found our cities "uninteresting," and hinted that Chicago, for all her culture and "sky-scrapers," was

still not exactly the Athens of Pericles. To be sure, Mr. Arnold came before the World's Fair, and never saw the bronze colossus that later kept watch and ward on the Lake Front and awed the soul of the approaching voyager, like the Athene Promachos on the Acropolis. But the pages of Mr. Archer's "America of To-Day" (Scribner) are quite free from that "certain condescension" we used to resent so hotly. He is pleased with us, and wishes us well; but he does not affect to look down benevolently on us. The only thing we have to complain of in his tone is that it is not quite free from that note of *amused* interest with which the Briton, time out of mind, has been wont to regard the outside world in general. But Mr. Archer's smile is a quiet one, and not in the least irritating; so we can well afford to let him enjoy it. Mr. Archer's papers are stamped with a freshness of view, and a tendency to re-examine and in some cases to combat certain stock complaints about Brother Jonathan, that caused them to be rather freely quoted and canvassed in England when they appeared serially—for the book is a reprint of letters to London periodicals. His hardy defense of the "American Language," for instance, really shocked some of his English friends—Mr. Lang, especially, whose nerves, originally none of the strongest, were quite upset by some of his fellow-critic's heresies. Mr. Lang's Scotch ear is ravished by the skirl of the bag-pipes; but the American phrase "all the time" is enough to drive him out of the room. Mr. Archer has divided his text under two captions—"Observations," under which are grouped the more purely descriptive letters reflecting his impressions of New York, Boston, and Chicago, of American hospitality, American character and culture, etc.; and "Reflections," a series of thoughtful papers on "North and South," "The Republic and the Empire," "American Literature," and "The American Language." He especially relishes the American humorous anecdote, and has gathered some choice specimens for English consumption, notably that of the rustic Kentuckian who, leaving the theatre after witnessing Salvini in "Othello," warmly observed: "It was a good show—a mighty good show; and I don't see but the coon did as well as any of 'em."

More chapters  
in the story of  
the Royal Navy.

Volume IV. of Mr. Laird Clowes's comprehensive and elaborately mounted and constructed history of "The Royal Navy" (Little, Brown, & Co.) contains the record of the Minor Operations of the Navy between 1763 and 1792, by Mr. W. H. Wilson; the story of Naval Voyages and Discoveries (including the expeditions of Cook, Wallis, and Carteret) during the same period, by Sir Clements Markham; The Civil History of the Navy from 1793 to 1802, and an account of the Major Maritime Operations during the war of the French Revolution, by the editor; a summary of the Minor Operations of that war, by Mr. W. H. Wilson; and a notice of Naval Voyages and Discoveries, 1793–1802, by Sir



Clements Markham. Mr. Clowes's undertaking, it will be remembered, as originally planned, called for the completion of the work in five volumes. But the appearance of much new matter bearing upon naval events and developments of the present century has rendered a sixth volume necessary to the promised completeness and comprehensiveness of the work. The completion of the History, Mr. Clowes hopes, will not be much delayed by this extension, material for Volume V. being already in type. We gladly testify to the abundant evidences of painstaking research and collation manifest in the work of Mr. Clowes and his competent collaborators. The distinctive plan of the work, — that is to say, the parcelling out of specific phases and periods among writers specially qualified to deal with their respective allotments, — whatever its obvious drawbacks from the literary point of view, has undoubtedly conduced to accuracy and despatch, and will result in the production of a book which will long serve as the standard one for reference and appeal. The illustrations are, as before, profuse and handsome, the most notable plate being a very strong and attractive portrait of Nelson after an original painting never before reproduced. The volumes are separately indexed.

*Dark pictures of  
Yankee sailing  
ships and officers.*

Aside from a not unsuccessful effort to produce a readable "yarn," the aim of Mr. Alex. J. Boyd, in his book called "The Shellback" (Brentano's), appears to be to paint in the blackest possible colors the ways and characters of the officers of American sailing ships, not only now but some forty years back, when Mr. Boyd's own experiences of our merchant service were acquired. To-day, as in the sixties — Mr. Boyd's literary sponsor, Mr. Robertson, assures us — the terms "Yankeeship" and "Hellskip" are synonymous; and he goes to say: "Were the laws now on our statute books rigidly enforced, a large majority of American captains and mates would be sent to the penitentiary, and not a few to the gallows or electric chair." This is strong language, and, supposing it to be justifiable, it seems to imply that the gangs in the forecastles, with whom the wicked captains and mates necessarily served their time and got their notions of sea-discipline, must themselves be a pretty tough lot, and more amenable to hard knocks than moral suasion. For our part, we are inclined to think the common seaman suffers in general more from the rascally parsimony of stingy shipowners than from the brutality of mates and captains. There is at all events this to be said for the officers of a deep-water ship: they are very commonly under the absolute necessity of aweing into subjection ruffianly crews of potential mutineers who outnumber them twenty to one; and if they resort to rough measures it is fair to presume that they do so quite as much from their knowledge of the men they have to deal with as from mere wanton cruelty. Mr. Boyd's book is a readable one, of a rather lurid and sensational order,

and it is clearly, as he claims, founded on personal experience; but we are quite unwilling to accept the "Altamont," the "floating hell" on which he sailed as an apprentice-boy from Melbourne to Liverpool, as a representative American merchant ship, or her fiend incarnate of a captain as the typical Yankee skipper. There are several illustrations.

*The technical  
processes of  
the old masters.*

That quaint little treatise on "The Art of the Old Masters" written by Cennino Cennini of Padua in 1437 has been well re-translated and editorially supplemented by Mrs. Christiana J. Herringham, and published in attractive form by Mr. Francis P. Harper. In his "Trattato," Cennino, himself a painter and a pupil of Agnolo (son of Taddeo) Gaddi, describes the technical processes of his time — the technique, that is, of the great masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, from Giotto, Fra Angelico, and Memmi, down to Botticelli, Benozzo Gozzoli, Ghirlandajo, etc., — and tells how his contemporaries ground and mixed their pigments, painted their pictures and miniatures, tinted their papers, made their varnishes, laid on their gold, and so on. For example, says the "Trattato": "If you would make a changing drapery in secco, cover it with a flat tint of lake; use flesh-color for the lights, or, if you will, giallorino. Glaze the dark parts as you like with pure lake, or purple (biso), with tempera." The extract may serve to indicate the scope and uses of the book, which is a mine of detailed information as to the materials and processes of the time and school. In translating Cennino Mrs. Herringham has two predecessors, Mrs. Merrifield, and the German, Ilg. In the two older versions, especially the English one, inaccuracies have been found. Mrs. Herringham's practical knowledge of the processes described in the treatise has assisted her in making a translation free, at least, from technical errors. There is an Appendix containing some useful notes on mediæval methods.

*The story of  
Oliver Goldsmith.*

Ordinarily, the lives of authors are but dull reading, so uneventful and colorless are the greater number of them; but sometimes the personality of a poet or a novelist is so original and individual that the life is of more permanent interest than the letters. We shall never be quite satisfied with what we know about Poe the man; the story of Byron's stormy career will never cease to have attractions for us, and Gulliver must always be of less moment than Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. Among such names as these we must number that of Oliver Goldsmith, whom we cannot cease to love, however much or little we may care for "The Deserted Village," or "She Stoops to Conquer," or "The Vicar of Wakefield." In his memoir of Goldsmith (Dodd, Mead & Co.), Mr. Austin Dobson gives us just so much of his life as most readers will care to know. He tells the history of his checkered career with the easy skill that makes it seem a story of romantic

reality, duly authenticated by frequent reference to Johnson, and Garrick, and Reynolds, and the "Jessamy Bride," but a story still. There is abundant record of pounds and guineas and other things not distinctly literary, here (by some magic of the pen) given a decidedly literary flavor. And there is record, too, of lack of pounds and guineas and other things prosaic, perhaps even more certainly literary and serving as a thread on which the memoir strings in close sequence the irregular happenings of Goldsmith's life. It is something to have so lived as to make possible such a biography so written. Whole-souled kindness and persistent cheeriness glow in its pages, and these are things of which we can never have too much, whether in men or books.

*Great names  
of Augustan  
literature.*

Mr. Oliver Elton's work on "The Augustan Ages" (Scribner), written for the "Periods of European Literature" series, is the most readable of the four volumes thus far published in that collection, and is at least not inferior to any of the others in point of scholarship. Mr. Elton's period begins, roughly, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and ends, more roughly, with the first quarter of the eighteenth century. In France, it deals with the great names of Bayle, Bossuet, Mme. de Sévigné, La Bruyère, La Fontaine, Boileau, and the three dramatists. In England, it includes Hobbes, Bunyan, Dryden, the Restoration drama, Defoe, Pope, Addison, and Swift. Six chapters of the work are given to French and English literature. A seventh surveys the literature of Germany, Holland, and the Scandinavian countries, with an excellent statement of Holberg's work and significance; an eighth deals with Italy and the Peninsula, finding only Filicaja and Molinos even among second-class names, and a ninth briefly summarizes the whole work. No man could cover such a field as this without exhibiting many shortcomings, and the author frankly acknowledges his dependence upon the standard histories for some of the outlying regions of his survey. He has certainly performed a difficult task in a more than creditable fashion, and we place the book beside its fellows with much satisfaction.

*The true  
William Penn.*

A late contribution to the literature of the school of exact description of historic characters is "The True William Penn" (Lippincott), by Mr. Sydney George Fisher, an earnest student of men and matters connected with Pennsylvania. The volume takes its place with "The True Benjamin Franklin" by the same author, and "The True George Washington" by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford. In the case of William Penn, it was not possible to produce a very sensational story, because he has not been so idealized as have the two others. The value of the biography does not consist, therefore, in the dissipation of mists of error which have surrounded the founder of Pennsylvania,—or, as Carlyle might put it, in "taking him down a peg." In place of

this there is a very interesting description of the conditions of life in the time when Penn was growing up, so that it is not at all difficult to understand how this youth, having chances to enjoy the gay career of a courtier, preferred to cast his lot with the persecuted Quakers. The changes in his thought as the panorama of his life shifted are admirably set forth. Both the frame and the picture are to be praised, and perhaps that is the most satisfactory thing that can be said of a biography. A writer has done well who gives a faithful presentation of the facts connected with an individual and his environment, and this is what Mr. Fisher seems to have done in the story of the true William Penn.

*Glimpses of  
bygone stage  
celebrities.*

The pretty book containing an "Autobiographical Sketch of Mrs. John Drew" (Scribner) outlines the long career of that sterling actress and estimable woman, and glances briefly at many stage celebrities of bygone days with whom her calling brought her in contact. T. P. Cooke, Maria Foote, Forrest, Madame Celeste, the Kembles, the Booths, Miss Cushman, Tyrone Power, Macready, Murdoch, Hamblin, Mrs. Shaw, and others, appear in Mrs. Drew's cheery pages, and their portraits serve to embellish and add interest to the volume. Mrs. Drew's slight mention of these older professional associates is supplemented by the Biographical Notes of Mr. Douglas Taylor, in the Appendix. For Forrest the author has some kindly words, although she admits that he "was never a good-tempered man, and was apt to be morose and churlish at rehearsals." But he was, she adds, the "fairest" actor that ever played. "If the character you sustained had anything good in it, he would give you the finest chance of showing it. He would get a little below you, so that your facial expression could be fairly seen; he would partially turn his back, in order that the attention should be given entirely to you." Mrs. Drew's somewhat meagre and sketchy narrative has been judiciously eked out in the editing, and the portraits are decidedly interesting.

*Men and  
events of the  
Lutheran Church.*

Denominational Encyclopædias at first glance may seem to be unnecessary, but second thought will convince one that every religious denomination has connected with its history matters which are of first rate importance to its members, and occasionally to the world at large. In addition, the biographical element is of course always in evidence. Of such works, the Lutheran Encyclopædia (Scribner), edited by Professor H. E. Jacobs and the Rev. J. A. W. Haas, is in many ways an admirable example. The articles have been assigned apparently to the proper persons, and, to judge from the character of such articles as have been examined, the work has been done conscientiously and with somewhat remarkable conciseness. One can hardly agree with all the positions taken in the general theological articles, which are unexceptionally ultra-conservative. It sounds somewhat strange

to-day to read the statement that confessionalism is the most efficient protection from rationalism. But apart from such criticisms as this, the Lutheran Church is to be congratulated upon possessing such a complete and succinct record of its important men and actions.

*Biography  
in miniature.*

The series of pocket volumes, "The Beacon Biographies" (Small, Maynard & Co.), continues to bear out the promises made by its earliest representatives. The latest additions to the series include the volume on Hawthorne, by Mrs. Annie Fields; on Burr, by Mr. Henry Childs Merwin; and on Frederick Douglass by Mr. C. W. Chestnutt. All of them are very readable, and the volume on Douglass is a capital illustration of the method of producing a clear biographical picture. Mrs. Fields's volume on Hawthorne is characteristically reminiscent, although very largely dependent upon the well known volume of her husband. Mr. Merwin's treatment of Burr impresses one with the feeling that the author began the study with the intention of not painting his character quite as black as he is usually painted, but found himself compelled to give up the struggle before his work was completed. Taken altogether, the three volumes are capital illustrations of how to write a small book, and the editor again is to be congratulated upon bringing so much uniformity into a series which deals with such different subjects.

*Old-time  
naval yarns.*

A somewhat "ancient and fish-like smell" pervades Mr. W. H. Long's miscellaneous collection of old-time British "Naval Yarns" (F. P. Harper), although most of the matter is now for the first time printed. Over fifty documents or extracts from documents are given, some of them mere scraps from private letters and journals, and all of them narrating personal experiences and adventures in the British Navy in the days of sail-power, when the gunner guessed at the range, and squinted across the sights of a piece that would have been about as effective as a catapult against the sides of a modern ironclad. The most valuable paper in the book, "The Journal of a Surgeon" (1758-63), presents a graphic picture of life afloat at that period, and is worth preserving. There are several plates after paintings representing famous naval episodes and engagements.

*From Franklin  
to Mr. Dooley.*

The curious collection of materials by Mr. Howard Payson Arnold, published under the title "Historic Side-Lights" (Harper), make up a book, whose plan, if it has any, is not easily discovered, and whose purpose excites the increasing wonder of the reader. Hercules and George the Third may appear in one place; while, in another, Trilby is appealed to, or "Mr. Dooley" is introduced with a characteristic sentence. From many a by-path of literature, quaint and curious material has been gathered, quite a large part of it relating more or less closely to

Benjamin Franklin. The discourse is rambling and disconnected in the extreme, and while portions of it are interesting, and the illustrative details it furnishes may be valuable to a reader who is fond of anecdote or flippant phrase, it scarcely seems that serious history is really illuminated by such "side-lights" as these.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

We have examined with much interest a recent publication of the University of Minnesota. It is the work of Mr. Conway Macmillan, and has for its subject "Minnesota Plant Life." The work is intended for general reading rather than for text-book use, but is clearly to be taken as an educational publication in the large sense. After preliminary chapters on the societies and the migrations of plants, the descriptive work is taken up, beginning with slime-moulds and algae, and leading up to the most highly specialized forms of flowering plants. The volume contains 568 pages, and has for illustrations 240 figures and photographs (many of them of great interest and beauty) besides four full-page plates. Scientific names of species are not given as a rule (which we think a mistake), and there is no analytical key. We wish that every State in the Union might contrive to publish such a volume as this.

A recent publication of the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago deserves more than a word of passing mention. It is a work on "The Birds of North America," by Mr. Charles B. Cory, and is a manual of the most practical character for the use of amateur ornithologists. The work is, in substance, an analytical key to the families and species of all birds known to occur east of the ninetieth meridian; the descriptions are so plain as to make identification an easy matter even for the inexperienced, and what is not made clear by the text is made clear by the many illustrations. Such a manual as this, inexpensive and easy of use, ought to do much toward popularizing the fascinating branch of natural history with which it is concerned.

Mr. Thomas Newbigging, a student, and, we suppose, a staunch defender of the Stuart cause, has recently produced a small volume on "The Scottish Jacobites" (London: Gay & Bird). While the greater part of the book is occupied with a brief narrative of the Jacobite risings and an account of their battles, the two most interesting chapters are those devoted to the fascinating songs and music which had their inspiration in the Lost Cause. The portraits and illustrations are really fine, and the wide margins and clear type make up a very attractive volume.

The following are the latest text-books in the modern languages: M. France's "Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard" (Holt), edited by Mr. C. H. C. Wright; "Letters of Madame de Sévigné" (Ginn), selected and edited by Professor James A. Harrison; "Contes Fantastiques" (Holt), by Ereckmann-Chatrrian, edited by Professor E. S. Joynes; "Episodes from Malot's Sans Famille" (Heath), edited by Mr. I. H. B. Spiers; "Goethe's Poems" (Heath), selected and edited by Professor Charles Harris; J. G. Seume's "Mein Leben" (Ginn), edited by Dr. J. Henry Senger; "Supplementary Exercises to 'Das Deutsche Buch'" (Holt), by Fräulein Josepha Schrakamp; Alarçon's "El Capitán Veneno" (Heath), edited by Mr. J. D. M. Ford.



## NOTES.

A life of James Martineau, by Rev. A. W. Jackson, is in preparation by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.

Miss Florence N. Levy has edited a supplement to the "American Art Annual" for 1899, which is published by the Art Interchange Co., New York.

The third volume of "The Anglo-Saxon Review" will be ready for delivery early in February. The magazine is published by Mr. John Lane.

Volume V. of Carlyle's "Critical and Miscellaneous Essays," in the "Centenary" edition, has just been published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's latest work, "Savrola, a Tale of the Revolution in Laurania," is just published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co.

Prof. G. Maspero's "Passing of the Empires, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, and Medea—B. C. 850 to 330," is just published by Messrs. Appleton & Co.

The Messrs. Scribner publish "A Manual of Historic Ornament," by Mr. Richard Glazer, an abundantly illustrated manual for the use of both student and craftsman.

A large-type edition of Dr. Moore's Oxford text of the "Divina Commedia," with revisions by Paget Toynbee, will be published at once by the Clarendon Press.

A new edition, in handsome half-velum binding, of Mr. Charles F. Richardson's well-known volume on "The Choice of Books" is published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

"Shirley" and "Villette," with introductions by Mrs. Humphry Ward, have just been added by the Messrs. Harper to their handsome "Haworth" edition of the Brontë sisters.

An unusual sale for a new volume of poetry is that of Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Paolo and Francesca," which, it is stated by its publisher, Mr. John Lane, has already reached its eighth thousand.

A monograph on "The English Income Tax," by Dr. Joseph A. Hill, is the latest issue in the series of "Economic Studies" published by the Macmillan Co. for the American Economic Association.

Professor C. H. Herford's "Eversley" edition of Shakespeare, published by the Macmillan Co., is now brought to a close with the tenth volume, which contains "Coriolanus," "Timon of Athens," and the "Poems."

The tendency of the American publishing trade to centralize in New York has for its latest illustration the removal of Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. from Boston to that city. Their new address is 426 and 428 West Broadway, N. Y.

"The Wider View," edited by Mr. John Monroe Dana, and published by the Messrs. Putnam, is an anthology of short extracts in both prose and verse, embodying the higher aspirations and deeper religious thought of many great writers.

The perennial vitality of Jane Austen is once more attested by the publication of a new edition of her novels. It is in the "Temple" format, occupies ten volumes neatly boxed, and bears the Dent imprint. The Macmillan Co. publishes the set in this country.

The London "Academy" prize award for meritorious literature produced during the past year was divided into six parts, and the following persons were the beneficiaries: Sir George Trevelyan for "England in the Age of Wycliffe," Miss Gwendoline Keats for "On Trial," Mr. W. B. Yeats for "The Wind among the

Reeds," Mr. H. H. Belloc for his biography of Danton, Mrs. Garnett for her translation of Tourguénieff, and Mr. H. G. Graham for his "Social Life of Scotland in the Eighteenth Century."

Miss Johnston's story "To Have and to Hold," which has aroused rather unusual interest while running as a serial in the "Atlantic," will be published in book form this month by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., with illustrations by Mr. Howard Pyle and others.

As a part of the reorganization of the business affairs of Messrs. Harper & Brothers, all the text-books heretofore issued by that house will henceforth be issued by the American Book Company, of New York and Chicago, to whom all correspondence relating thereto should now be addressed.

"The Growth of Sartor Resartus," by Prof. D. L. Mauley, is a publication of Tufts College. It is a pamphlet thesis designed to show that the work in question had its roots in Carlyle's earlier work, and was, in fact, "an epitome of all that Carlyle thought and felt in the course of the first thirty-five years of his residence on this planet."

"Who's Who" (Macmillan) for 1900 has just made its appearance and will be welcomed by editors and other persons who are constantly needing up-to-date information about persons and things. We note the curious classification which puts down "The Atlantic Monthly" as a leading American newspaper. The information afforded upon English subjects is, we doubt not, more accurate than this.

"Statistical Methods with Special Reference to Biological Variation," by Dr. C. B. Davenport, is the title of a small volume published by Messrs. John Wiley & Son. It is issued "in answer to a repeated call for a simple presentation of the newer statistical methods in their application to biology," and contains the working formulæ most used in summer laboratories. The little book is bound in full leather, and will slip easily into the pocket.

"Mythology for Moderns," by Mr. James S. Metcalfe, is a book issued by the "Life" Publishing Co. The text consists of a series of up-to-date versions of the ancient myths, as audacious as an Offenbach libretto, while many illustrations add their share to the entertainment offered. The same publishers have also sent us a thin quarto volume of "Coontown's 400," by Mr. E. W. Kemble. Here the pictures are the thing, and the text is reduced to brief explanatory notes.

Mr. Thomas Hardy contributed recently the following verses, entitled "A Christmas Ghost Story," to a London paper:

"South of the Line, inland from far Durban,  
There lies—be he or not your countryman—  
A fellow mortal. Riddled are his bones,  
But 'mid the breeze his puzzled phantom moans  
Nightly to clear Canopus—fain to know  
By whom, and when, the All-Earth-Gladdening Law  
Of Peace, brought in by Some One crucified,  
Was ruled to be inept, and set aside?"

The death of James Martineau, which occurred as our last issue was going to press, must not be passed by without at least a brief and belated word of mention. He had reached the great age of nearly ninety-five years, and had retained his intellectual vigor almost to the last. Among the leaders of nineteenth century religious thought in England he towers like a giant above all save two or three, having for his peers only such men as Newman and Maurice. Nominally a Unitarian,

his outlook was too liberal to be confined even by that broad horizon, and it is hardly fair to apply to him any sectarian name. His life was spent in teaching and preaching, in Dublin, Liverpool, Manchester, and London. So engrossing were these activities that he published few books. Two volumes of college lectures, four of sermons, "A Study of Religion," and "Types of Ethical Theory," are all the publications that need be mentioned. The last-named is his most important book, and is likely to live the longest.

"The Empire of the South" is the title of an attractive and creditable work of some two hundred pages, written by Mr. Frank Presbrey and published with the coöperation of the Southern Railway. The book is a comprehensive treatment of the history, development, resources, and industries of the Southern States, with descriptions of pleasure and health resorts, and is illustrated with five hundred photographs reproduced in half-tone. It appeals very strongly to those who have travelled in this interesting section of our country, and must prove of much value to the prospective traveller or investor.

Mr. Frederick Furchheim has followed his "Bibliografia di Pompei" (see THE DIAL, 1895, Vol. XIX., p. 149) with a "Bibliografia del Vesuvio." This is by far the most extensive collection of titles relating to Vesuvius that has ever been brought together. According to a summary given by the compiler in a footnote, the names of about 1000 writers are recorded, references being made to more than 1800 books and articles. Italian writers naturally claim the largest number of titles, 944; but the interest that the world in general has taken in the volcano may be measured by the fact that there are no less than 329 German, 257 French, and 180 English titles. The matter of the books and articles referred to covers a wide range; there are included technical treatises on the geology and mineralogy of the volcano, descriptions of eruptions, by eye-witnesses, and philosophical disquisitions on the volcanic phenomena, besides papers dealing with the history of the mountain from the earliest times. The titles are arranged in alphabetical order under the authors' names. At the end is a list of engravings and maps, followed by a chronological finding-list and an index. The volume is well printed, and altogether a valuable addition to the list of bibliographical helps. (Naples: Emilio Prass.)

Richard Doddridge Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," who died on the twenty-first of last month, at the age of seventy-five, had the misfortune to be considered as a man of one book by a large section of the public. While it is probably true that the novel by which he was so widely known was his highest literary achievement, it is also true that he wrote other novels nearly as deserving of praise. "The Maid of Sker," for example, is a very close second, and such books as "Alice Lorraine" and "Springhaven" come not very far behind. Blackmore's rank among the novelists of the latter half of the century is very high. There was a time about twenty-five years ago, after the major Victorian novelists had passed away, when he seemed to overtop any of his contemporaries. At that time, neither Mr. Hardy nor Mr. Meredith had been discovered by the larger public, and Black appeared to be the chief rival of Blackmore. Besides the novels we have named, we may mention "Clara Vaughan" (his first), "Craddock Nowell," "Cripps the Carrier," "Crema," "Christowell," "Mary Anesley," and "Perlycross."

He began his literary life, however, as a poet, a fact attested by three or four volumes of verse, and by a translation of two of the "Georgics" of Virgil. The last-named task was a labor of love, if ever there was one, for Blackmore's interests throughout his life were divided, like those of our own Mr. John Burroughs, between literature and gardening, if indeed gardening may not be named as his vocation, having literature for a mere avocation. His neighbors, in his country home a few miles outside of London, knew him as an expert grower of fruits and vegetables, having little idea of his fame in the world of letters, and many of the most delightful pages in his books derive their charm from his intimate acquaintance with the aspects of farm life. His command of a finished (if at times too rhythmical) prose style, his familiarity with the homely speech of the rustic, his sympathy with dumb animals, his tender human feeling, and perhaps also his fine old crusted conservatism, may be mentioned as the predominant characteristics of his books and his thought.

#### TOPICS IN LEADING PERIODICALS.

February, 1900.

Agriculture, University Extension in. A. C. True. *Forum*.  
 American College in the Twentieth Century. *Atlantic*.  
 Anti-Trust Issue, Futility of. David Wilcox. *Forum*.  
 Art as Means of Expression. W. J. Stillman. *International*.  
 Boer War, Opening of. H. J. Whigham. *Scribner*.  
 China, Reform in. Gilbert Reid. *Forum*.  
 Chopin. James Huneker. *Scribner*.  
 Congo State and Central-African Problems. *Harper*.  
 England's Perilous Position. W. T. Stead. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
 German Empire, The. P. de Coubertin. *Rev. of Reviews*.  
 Havana, Social Life of. T. Bentley Mott. *Scribner*.  
 History. James Ford Rhodes. *Atlantic*.  
 Hypnotic Suggestion, Moral Value of. *Harper*.  
 Indian Territory, Need of Better Government in. *Forum*.  
 Italy, Recent Books on. Harriet W. Preston. *Atlantic*.  
 Japan's Entry into World's Politics. G. Droppers. *Internat'l*.  
 Journalism as Basis for Literature. G. S. Lee. *Atlantic*.  
 Lawton, Gen. H. W. O. O. Howard. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Library of Congress. Herbert Putnam. *Atlantic*.  
 Longevity and Degeneration. W. R. Thayer. *Forum*.  
 Mahdism, Results of Crushing of. F. C. Penfield. *Forum*.  
 Marine Biological Laboratory. H. S. Williams. *Harper*.  
 Mississippi Valley, Future of. A. B. Hart. *Harper*.  
 Mitchell, Donald G. Arthur R. Kimball. *Scribner*.  
 Moody, Dwight L. George P. Morris. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Mormons, The. Rollin L. Hartt. *Atlantic*.  
 Napoleon, Talks with. Barry E. O'Meara. *Century*.  
 New York, Midwinter in. Jacob A. Riis. *Century*.  
 Old-Age Pensions. Michael Davitt and W. H. Lecky. *Forum*.  
 Opera in America and Europe. H. T. Finck. *International*.  
 Orient, True Flavor of the. Julian Ralph. *Harper*.  
 Pacific Cable, Problems of a. H. L. Webb. *Scribner*.  
 Paris Revisited. Richard Whiteing. *Century*.  
 People's Party, The. Marion Butler. *Forum*.  
 Personality, Loss of. Ethel Dench Puffer. *Atlantic*.  
 Philanthropy, Science in. C. R. Henderson. *Atlantic*.  
 Railroad and the People. Theodore Dreiser. *Harper*.  
 Roberts, Field Marshal Lord. *Review of Reviews*.  
 Russia in Central Asia. A. R. Colquhoun. *Harper*.  
 Science of Religion, Recent Work in. C. H. Toy. *International*.  
 Short Story, Future of. E. Charlton Black. *International*.  
 Singapore, White Man's Rule in. Poultney Bigelow. *Harper*.  
 Southern Colleges, Needs of. J. L. M. Curry. *Forum*.  
 Transvaal, England's Relation to. Gen. Poortugael. *Forum*.  
 Treasury and the Money-Market. C. A. Conant. *Rev. of Rev.*  
 Waring, Colonel, Military Elements in Career of. *Century*.  
 Washington's University. Charles W. Dabney. *Forum*.  
 West, Literature in the. E. Hough. *Century*.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 61 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND REMINISCENCES.

- The Life of Edward White Benson, Sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. By his son, Arthur Christopher Benson. In 2 vols., illus., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. Macmillan Co. \$8.
- Henry Irving: A Record and Review. By Charles Hiatt. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 282. Macmillan Co. \$3.
- Literary Reminiscences. By Edouard Grenier; trans. from the French by Mrs. Abel Ram. 8vo, uncut, pp. 297. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.
- Luca Signorelli. By Maud Cruttwell. Illus., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 144. "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Macmillan Co. \$1.75.
- Wagner. By Charles A. Lidgey. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 268. "Master Musicians." E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.
- Hermann Ludwig Ferdinand von Helmholtz. By John Gray McKendrick, M.D. With portrait, 12mo, uncut, pp. 300. "Masters of Medicine." Longmans, Green, & Co. \$1.25.
- The Story of Lewis Carroll Told for Young People by the Real Alice in Wonderland, Miss Isa Bowman. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, pp. 120. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.
- Life of Russell H. Conwell, Preacher. Lecturer, Philanthropist. By Albert Hatcher Smith. Illus., 12mo, pp. 335. Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.25.

## HISTORY.

- A History of the British Army. By the Hon. J. W. Fortescue. In 2 vols., with maps, large 8vo, uncut. Macmillan Co. \$14.
- The Story of France from the Earliest Times to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte. By Thomas E. Watson. In 2 vols., Vol. II., From the End of the Reign of Louis XV. to the Consulate of Napoleon Bonaparte. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 1076. Macmillan Co. \$2.50.
- Builders of Nova Scotia: A Historical Review. By Sir John G. Bourinot, K.C.M.G. Illus., large 8vo, pp. 200. Toronto: The Copp-Clark Co.
- Prisoners of the Tower of London: Being an Account of Some Who at Divers Times Lay Captive within its Walls. By Violet Brooke-Hunt. Illus. in photogravure, etc., 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 347. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$2.50.
- A Short History of the Expansion of the British Empire, 1500-1870. By William Harrison Woodward. With maps, 12mo, pp. 326. Macmillan Co. \$1. net.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

- Letters of Benjamin Jowett, M.A., Master of Balliol College, Oxford. Arranged and edited by Evelyn Abbott, M.A., and Lewis Campbell, M.A. With portrait, large 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 262. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$5.
- Tennyson, Ruskin, Mill, and Other Literary Estimates. By Frederic Harrison. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 302. Macmillan Co. \$2.
- French Portraits: Being Appreciations of the Writers of Young France. By Vance Thompson. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 241. Richard G. Badger & Co. \$2.50.
- The Foundations of English Literature: A Study of the Development of English Thought and Expression from Beowulf to Milton. By Fred Lewis Pattee. 12mo, pp. 394. Silver, Burdett & Co. \$1.50.
- The Choice of Books. By Charles F. Richardson. New edition; 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 208. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.25.
- The Rise of Formal Satire in England under Classical Influence. By Raymond MacDonald Alden. 8vo, pp. 264. "Publications of the University of Pennsylvania." Ginn & Co.

## NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

- The Natural History of Selborne. By Gilbert White; edited by Grant Allen; illus. by Edmund H. New. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 528. John Lane. \$7.50.

The Works of Jane Austen. "Temple" edition. In 10 vols., with colored frontispieces, 24mo, gilt tops. Macmillan Co. \$8.

- The Letters of Cicero: The Whole Extant Correspondence in Chronological Order. Trans. into English by Evelyn S. Shuckburgh, M.A. In 4 vols., Vols. I. and II., v. c. 68-49. 12mo, uncut. "Bohn's Classical Library." Macmillan Co. Per vol., \$1.50 net.
- Philobiblon: A Treatise on the Love of Books. By Richard de Bury; English translation by John Bellingham Inglis; with Introduction by Charles Orr. 8vo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 143. New York: Meyer Brothers & Co. \$2.50.
- The Works of Shakespeare. "Everaley" edition. Edited by C. H. Herford, Litt.D. Vol. X., completing the work. 12mo, uncut, pp. 507. Macmillan Co. \$1.50.
- Temple Classics. Edited by Israel Gollancz, M.A. New vols.: Plutarch's Lives. Englished by Sir Thomas North. Vol. X. (completing the set); Microcosmographie, by John Earle. Each with portrait, 24mo, gilt top, uncut. Macmillan Co. Per vol., 50 cts.

## BOOKS OF VERSE.

- The Living Past, and Other Poems. By Thomas Seton Jevons. 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 59. Macmillan Co. \$1.
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